

THE
Hould of Humilitie:

*Adioyned to the Castle of Court-
tesie.*

Compiled by Iames Yates Seruingman.

*Captious Concepts,
good Reader doe dismis:
And friendly weigh
the willing minde of his,
Which more doth write
for pleasure then for praise,
Whose worthlesse workes
are simple pend alwaies.*



LONDON

**Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe, dwelling in Distaffe Lane,
neere the Signe of the Castle,**

To the Courteous construers of
indifferent iudgement.

I See a sect, which leane to false reporte,
I And finde some cause to cauill in disdaine:
I wishe they would leaue off that friendlesse sorte,
And not triumph in vauntes which are but vaine.
Their doubtful doomes delighting in disdaine,
Might frustrate be from follie, trust me true,
And not with contempt, the simpler sorte to view.

To Courteous construers, I doe this commende,
Which vvith good vvill, doe vvweigh the vvilling mind,
Indifferentlie their iudgement to extend,
And yeelde reporte according as they finde:
And so shall I at no time be behinde
To vse my penne, and practise vvith my pate,
In vvilling sorte my fancies to relate.

A homelie *Houde* for present I preferte:
Requesting those vvich doe the same expect,
With Courtesie their iudgement to inferre.
For I presume all vvill not it reiect
But fauour finde, my indeuour to protect,
From truthlesse tongues, vvich vassle tales but fained
And glorie great vvhen others are disdained.

No dolor to disdaine.

James Yates.

The Houlde of Humilitie.

1 5 8 2.



A fixed minde desire hath,
more noueltie to see;
And wanton wittes are soone intic'd
with such toys as they be:
So (trueth to tell) I must not saie,
that were no honest part:
I am as readie as the best
to practise such an art.
Small practise sure I thinke will serue,
for nature hath vs taught:
For to forsake that which is good,
and take that which is naught.
In deede more readie for the worst,
then seeke the best to chuse:
For nature is an enemy,
her Impes for to abuse.
The frailetie of our present Time
is much for me to wite:
And silence seldome gets dispayse,
when tatlinge moues despite.
For little saide, a small amende
will serue to counterpoise:
When too much mischief doth arise
by talkers tatling noise.
But whilst, me thinkes I heere a voyce
which doeth commande me staye:
And telles me flatt in fewe wordes,
I am out of my waye.
O Youth what should become of thee
if Ayde were not thy guide:
What way wouldst thou haue wandred heere,
howe soone wouldst thou goe wide?

THE HOLDE

Ayde com.
wands Youth
to follow him.

Come followe me quoth father Ayde
let vs this Houlde goe see :

To view each parte and how it standes,
in state and eke degree .

So forth we went through Forrest thicke,
and many craching Wyers :

Yet did we make no foyle of them,
such were our due desires .

And when we had thus past the worst,
at length that place we founde :

The which did much delight our mundes,
and pleasure did abounde .

For loe, we sawe this passing Houlde,
so finelie firma'd in leate :

As in my munde I streight did muse
to see a thing so greate .

So huge and monstrous of highth
with Towers on each side :

That gaue it sure a goodly grace,
as did reposte my guide .

The Situation of the same,
vpon a pleasant Greene :

Where Tellus bankes so hye did thew,
as like may not be seene .

An entrie of Trees did growe,
so streight vp to the skye :

As made me meruaile very much,
to see their length so hye .

And moated round, where pleasant springes,
doo' yeeld a rare delight,

And him that gets a sip thereof
I count a happie wight .

Pernassus Hill where Muses keepe,
and so full noates abounde :

May not compare now with this Houlde,
so pleasant fertile ground .

Apollo

Apollo if he were in place,
 to take a view therof:
 Would presently commend the same,
 I knowe I do not scoffe.
 The cost which Caesar did bestowe,
 within the walles of Rome:
 Is not coequall vnto this,
 as I suppose by doome.
 When we approched neere this Hold,
 there did a Porter stand:
 Whose name Resistance (sir) was cal'd
 a greate clubbe in his hand,
 For Grimmesse sure he might be Mars,
 or Hercules indeede:
 When he did commaunde vs so; to stay,
 whereto we both agreed.
 He asked vs, wherfore we came,
 and what was our intent:
 We vp and told him all our minde,
 and whereto we were bent.
 Quoth Ayde, we are both straungers we
 desire to see:
 This noble place the which is cal'd
 the Hold of Humilitie.
 When straight Resistance gaue vs leaue,
 to passe his watched place:
 But in my dayes I neuer sawe,
 so coucht a crabtreeed face.
 Resistance sure he might well be,
 his face did shew the same:
 His gesture therto was alike,
 as nature well can frame.
 Thus onwarde still withouten stoppe,
 or any whit denyall:
 When we had past Resistance hard,
 we further put in tryall.

Resistance.
 Porter to the
 Hold.

THE HOLDE

And venterously we did presume
to come vnto the gate :
Where as we met an other wight
of meeke and comely state,
Who asked vs from whence we came
and what was our intent :
We saide, to see this noble Hold,
our mindes were fully bent.
Sir may we be so bolde (quoth Youth)
for to demaund your name,
He gently disclosed to vs
what was the verie same.
My name is Salutation,
which neuer doth disdaine :
The traueling wighte whith wothie is,
All times I entertaine.
Youth. And as I was a going in
by chaunce cast vp myne eye :
And looking vp vpon the gate
this verie I did espye.

The verses vpon the gate of the Hold
of *Humilitie*.

I Am humilitie, the holde,
the humble to receiue :
The stubburne I renounce them quite,
the froward I do leaue.
Approch not nigh you currishearles,
lest that my battering shotte :
Discharged be to coile your coates,
and make your stomackes hote.

Aide. **O** Master Salutation
these verses carry fire :
Theire sence is alligant and tarte,

theire

their meaning I inspye.
 And when I came within The Houlde,
 how lik'ſt thou this quoth Ayde?
 Sir, I am euen Hamſhed,
 my ſenſes be diſmai'd.
 Diſmai'd, why? Becauſe I am
 in Paradiſe I thinke:
 Oh God what Chriſtall glimmering ſhelves
 doe make my eyes to wincke.
 As Goulde ſurmownteth Copper baſe;
 ſo ſiluer paſſeth tunc:
 So doe theſe ſightes (which I doe ſee)
 which are the houſe within.
 What'ſt Salutation, Ayde and I,
 were looking round about:
 I heard a doze which opened
 from whence there iſſued out,
 Another wight of comely hue,
 at which I ſtood apalled:
 And was Deſirous to knowe
 by what name he was called.
 And as it ſeem'd he did one heare,
 ſo why? he anſwers made:
 What be theſe wightes, which aſke my name,
 or what Sir, is there trade?
 Quoth Salutation unto him,
 they are both ſtraungers (they)
 Reſiſtance gaue them leaue to paſſe
 hether (as they doe ſay).
 I Sir (quoth we) ſtraungers we are,
 but may we knowe your name:
 It is Sir Gratulation
 of trueth the very ſame.
 The Captaine I am of this Houlde,
 commanding euery man:
 (What is within my gouernment)

You h.

Ayde.

 Gratulation
 Captaine of
 the Houlde.

THE HOVLDE

to shew you what they can.
But by what meanes (I pray you tell)
did you finde out this way.

Youth. I shall declare, the cause is such:
I minded was to stray,
And like a yongling lost my selfe,
in forrest thicke vnknowne:
And crying out with ruthfull voyce,
to haue my miserie knowne.
By Gods assignement (as I must,
of force confesse in deede:)

Came then vnto my father Ayde,
to helpe me at my neede.
And to be short, I did declare,
vnto him all my minde:
How that I was affectioned
some Noueltie to finde.

Why then quoth Ayde, come on thy way,
rise vp and go with me:
And I will shewe you a Castel cal'd,
by name of Courtesie.

Gratulation. And were you at the Castel (Sir),
the better now apaide:

You are as welcome to this place,
as can with tongue be saide.

For I am (Sir) solemnly swozne,
this Hold I do maintaine:

To helpe the Castle when they neede,
or do commaunde my paine.

But Sirs, since that you come from thence,
you be most welcome here,

And though you are straungers to me,
yet what I can procure,

You shall commaund vnsainedly
sir, with a willing hearte.

Then Ayde and I both gaue him thanks,

And

and tooke it in good part.
 Forthwith he call'd a seruant out,
 whose name was Dilligence,
 And gaue him charge in any wise,
 as he would scape offence :
 To shewe vs what we did Desire
 within the Houlde to see :
 And charged him in any wise
 from vs two not to be.
 He well obeyed his Masters beft,
 he tooke great paines in deede :
 To shewe vs euery place within,
 that might our pleasures seede.
 Cruely Dilligence deluded much,
 to signifie and tell :
 To burmish out his Masters praise,
 it seem'd he lou'd it well.
 So vp and doونه from place to place,
 by Dilligence directed :
 He was not slow to shewe vs all,
 no labour he detracted .
 But thus in brieife to cut it off,
 and make relation small :
 Of any sight that euer I sawe,
 it passeth most of all.
 When Ayde and I, when we had seene
 enough to please our minde :
 We asked Dilligence if he could
 his Master for vs find
 That we might yeeld him thanks,
 for this his friendship shewed :
 And alwaies resting to requite
 the Courtesie bestowed.
 When Dilligence did bring vs both
 to Gratulation kinde :
 Who asked vs if we had found,

Dilligence ser-
 uant to Gratu-
 lation.

THE HOVLDR

the thing to please our minde.
 I fir quoth we, we haue that founde,
 and seene we neuer saue :
 And if we may stand you in stead,
 we sweare by faithfull laue,
 You shall command vs at all times,
 and so we minde to parte :
 Protesting yours for to rest,
 with faithfull fred hart.
 And true lie of your gentlenesse,
 we shall not let to tell :
 With you haue entertained vs,
 with faithfull minde so well.
 And thus adue, high loue of all
 be your chiefe guide and trust :
 For we will homelwarde take our way,
 as needes of force we must.
 Quoth Ayde to we, my Youth marke this,
 in each time, state and season :
 For to requite where paines are tooke,
 me thinkes it were good Reason :
 Shoulde wee depart and nothing giue
 to Dilligence (O fie)
 Since he hath taken all the paines
 to seede and please our eye.
 I was forgetfull of the same,
 of Trueth I must confesse :
 I thanke you for remembryng it
 my duetie to expresse.
 So then I called Dilligence,
 and gaue to him Rewarde :
 Who gaue vs thanks with open mouth,
 that easily might be heard.
 So we departed from this Houlde,
 and did retyze then backe :
 Wnto the place from whence we came,

where

An Informati-
 on giuen by
 Ayde vnto
 Youth.

Youth.

Where I was in a wacke,
 And Agonie of penſiue minde,
 in place where I was loſt:
 And howling lay, with yelling voyce,
 as one whome fortune toſt.
 Another Ayde (my Youth) I found you heere,
 and heere I will you leave:
 And followe you this path beſore,
 and then you ſhall perceave,
 Your home ward way from whence you came:
 it both Direct aright:
 And I will to my Cottage poore,
 to reſt my Aged ſpright.
 Untill ſuch time as ſatall Mors,
 bereaues my djudging dayes:
 Unto whole pleaſure I ſubmit,
 not uſing of delayes.
 Oh father Ayde my onely guide,
 my faithfull Truſt and ſtay:
 And is it thus nowe come to paſſe,
 that you wil needes away?
 Who hath ſince firſt our meeting heere,
 ſo faithfull to me beene:
 As euer was the truſtie zeale,
 of Dido that was Queene.
 Whoſe loyall heart was firmly fixt,
 to falſe Aneas hee:
 That ſtoale away in trueſtyleſſe ſort,
 to force her Miserie.
 So trueth to tell I doe beleue,
 ſince thus you doe departe:
 It will occaſion be of grieſe,
 and wounding to my heart.
 But Ayde will not be fruſtrate quite,
 if vrgent cauſe require:
 But Ayde will be a meane to helpe,

Ayde.

Youth.

 Queene Di
 dore then A
 neas.

THE HOVLDE

the simple that Desire,
 Some knowledge of this waywarde world,
 which tolleth vp and dōwne:
 Like furious fretting foaming flouds,
 When Neptune gins to frowne.
 Perchaunce some mutall minde will Muse
 and murmure at this case,
 And say, what foolish fond Deuice
 hath seined such a place.
 To which demand I doe reple,
 the faithfull fixed heart:
 Did study for to finde out this,
 by Aydes good skill and art.
 Humilitie, a Houlde in deede,
 for those that humble bee:
 A place prepared for repasse
 In modest soyt we see.
 Where Godly graces grafted are,
 With Impes of vertuous race:
 The buddes do burnish on the bzaunch
 with gallant goodly grace.
 Which Joyes the heart of euery twight,
 Whome Natures forme hath framed:
 Whole lowly life, with lenitie,
 deserues not to be blamed.
 The Loyall loze that linkes in loue,
 of force both merite faime:
 The good and well disposed minde
 is worthy of the same.
 Put Amorous sayes of Youthfull youth
 respecteth not with care:
 The tractlesse troth, and friendlesse fraud
 that some full closely bare.
 No seand no: sober counsell can,
 their wilfull munde assay:
 Concerning it as speeches vaine,
 wherein

wherein there is no stay.
 Wherfore (O Youthes) marke now a Youth,
 something to staiednesse bent:
 Which spies that romers rannge in ragges:
 and lurke in deepe lament.
 Who findes that likely Fortune is,
 a fond incertaine Daine:
 Which heapes moze hazzardes to the heart,
 then thought can thinke the same.
 Who sees the skoute and lustie bloudes,
 full quyetly abyde:
 When as the hote and furiose force,
 is let out from their side.
 I not commend the sickle friend,
 that falles out for a strawe:
 For that will rangle for a Rushe,
 ne deale so like a daive.
 For he that sweares by woundes and bloude,
 and lookes so like a Bull:
 When as he comes to doe the scate,
 his hart is in his skull.
 And hotest men of many wordes
 are slowe enough in deedes:
 And some will faiste that shoue good face
 when but their finger bleedes.
 And he that doth prouoke so much,
 the sober man to fight:
 If he be entered in his aate,
 the lustiest blowes will smite.
 A prouerbe olde, in Englande here,
 the still sowe eates the draffe:
 And some do weepe which haue small cause,
 when some againe do laugh.
 I must needes now declare a thing,
 which comes withuri my minde:
 How some for to out face the wo:ld,

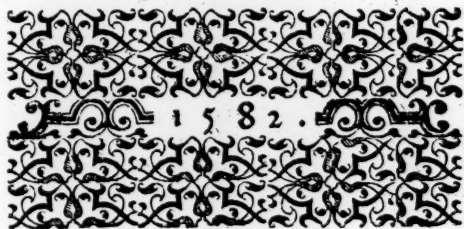
THE HOVLDE

will seeme the worlde to blinde.
 And since of Castell and the Hould,
 I did at large display:
 Now somewhat of this craftie worlde
 I breely minde to say.
 For I am priueledged in deede,
 since Aide hath taken leas:
 A litle to disclose my minde,
 for that I do perceaue,
 The sly fallhood now a dayes
 that restes within the lande:
 As trust me it was neuer more,
 the trueth to vnderstand.
 The counterfeiting crookes to catch,
 and simple to allure:
 The faithlesse fond and filthie fraude,
 that dayly is in bre.
 When as that one shall come to you,
 and say he is right fad,
 And hartely sozy in his minde;
 for ill luckes that you had,
 And by my troth I tell you true;
 I would I could know how:
 To helpe you in this your distresse,
 I make to God a bolwe.
 Another comes professing eke,
 for to remaine a friend:
 And neuer to exempt his faith;
 vntill his dayes do ende.
 And saith, if I eke in stead may stand;
 I pray you to be bolde:
 But when in deede there cometh neede,
 his doings then are cold.
 Oh noble flattering flearing worlde,
 oh guilefull glowing beate:
 Oh subtle sounde, of truethlesse tongues,

that

that trueth doth nere repeate.
Not knowing how for to dissemble,
not knowing then to liue:
But God for his greate mercies sake
such filthie factes forgiue.
And root the vipers from their baine,
of stinging at vnwares:
By whom the simple sillie soule,
is caught in doubtfull cares.
And thus the Authormakes an end,
desiring each good minde:
To thinke the best of this his worke,
so further shall they finde.

The end of the Hould
of Humilitie.



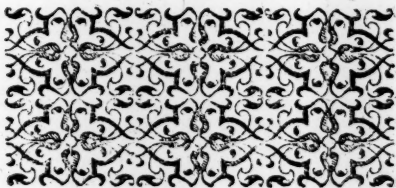
A farevvell framed to the
Hould of Humilitie.

THe due *Desire*, that I haue to commend,
Humilitie, I can not well expresse :
Because that *Pallas* will not to me lende,
Her cunning quille, therefore I do digresse,
From curiouse verse, to feede such fancie fine,
Where to some men their mindes do nowe incline.

But pardon prayed, *Presumptiſh* pulsheth me,
And bashlesse *Boldnesse* biddeth me proceede,
And *Hope* at hand my thinkes doth let me see,
That small *Disdaine*, shall come by this my deede :
Wherefore if I should loyter or not write,
Small were *Experience*, and lesse were my delight.

But loe behoid my thinkes I can not tell,
How for to frame, as I before exprest :
Well (as I thinke) it should be a farewell,
A farewell bee it, and so farewell, I rest
From this deuice, and others take in hand
To gratifie, and so it vnderstand.

Finis.



A dialogue between Age & Youth,
Declaring how vaine a thing it is to
Presume on *Youth*, and how we must
all yeeld to *Age*.

Age.

I Am so; to be loued, so; why?
you must me proue:
You youthfull laddes, that youthfull are,
it doth you much behoue.
For I am griseled Age,
who striketh you with Ake:
And make you yeeld though with ill will,
your bones I doe so shake.

Youth.

It is not griseled Age
that Youth can now restraine:
So; make me subiect to your yoke,
ne will I yet refraine,
My youthfull Loxes that now I Youth,
will vse in your despyte:
For why? Sir Age you haue no force
to banish my delite.

Age.

Vane I no force, to pull thy pride:
well one day thou shalt see,
That I will make thee so; to stoupe:
and yeeld thy selfe to me:
And shake as I doe now,
when hoary hayes appeare,
To make thee leaue of youthfull toyes,
and dalling with thy deere.

Youth.

Nay Age it is not thou,

C

A Dialogue betweene

can make me leane to Toye :
 For why : therein is my delight,
 I houlde it for my ioy.
 For I haue most delight,
 to talke with Venus Dames :
 For Cupid oft both me moue,
 by force of fiery flames.

Age.

Whose fiery flames that Cupid sendes,
 and doe in thee abounde :
 Thou wilt at length (I knowe) them leane,
 uncertaine is their grounde.
 For why ? who can withstand
 when Age doth lay his yoke :
 Yeeld therefore now most willingly,
 to beare my staying stroke,

Youth.

To yeeld my selfe to thyalle,
 nay Age that shall not be :
 It is not thou that can me hurte,
 I force not much of thee.
 For I will thee withstand
 in spite Sir of thy nose:
 And runne my race in youthfull wise,
 as I doe well suppose:

Age.

I doe not Sir say nay,
 but thou maist runne a race :
 Yet vnto me thou must noise bend,
 in spite Sir of thy face.
 For I can make thee come
 to Crouches, if that thou
 Be not cut off by stringing wise :
 I make to God a bow.

Youth.

To Crouches, what are they ?

I bid thee doe thy worst :
 I force thee not, doe what thou can,
 to me doe as thou doest.
 For I am youtfull Youth,
 I force thee not a mite :
 Thy griseled face, is not in minde,
 thou art not in my sight.

Age.

I am not in thy sight,
 till I doe make thee shake :
 As I will doe it one day sure,
 if life do not forlake.
 When shalt thou see that I,
 haue altered thy will,
 To byrde fond affection,
 wherin thou stand'st so ill.

Youth.

To byrde my Affection,
 thou shalt it finde but vaine :
 Thy pourpose shall not come to passe,
 thou canst it not attaine.
 For I will houlde thee off,
 so longe as I haue life :
 My youth I knowe thou canst not quail,
 I finde my selfe so psle.

Age.

Though youth in thee dost so abound,
 yet I Age will take place:
 And make thee wofull weary, I,
 when as I doe thee chase.
 And though thou seem'st to run at large,
 at length you shall come home :
 And bee as I am, silly Age,
 and counted as a Poine.

Youth.

Though thou art counted as a Poine,

A Dialogue betweene

yet wisdom both me guide :
That I haue delights to thrust thee off,
and put thy yoke aside.
And though thou would'st so, saine
nowe catch me in thy trap :
I am so light and quicklie gone,
I rest not in thy lap.

Age.

Although thou rest not in my lap ,
yet I can catch thee in :
And make thee subiect vnto me,
when as I doe begin.
With ach and paine to rouse thy Corpes,
that youth did once professe :
Such is the strength fir, of my stroaks,
when as I doe oppresse.

Youth.

Alas good Age thy strength of stroaks,
I feele vpon me nowe :
It lyeth so heauie on my bones,
it makes me for to bowe.
And though I held thee off with talke,
that was but vaine :
Yet nowe I feele that Age can strike
with greenous ach and paine.

Age.

O lustie youth, is courage past ,
can you no more hold off ?
I thought at length you would come home,
for all you did so scoffe,
And yeeld your selfe to me,
that nowe haue trapp'd you in,
Although before that you did say,
you sezd me not a pin.

Youth.

Whose vauntes were all in vaine,

my wordes they were but winde :
 But thine wers true, as I full well
 vnto my greefe do finde.
 Wherefore you youthfull laddes,
 that seems to put Age by:
 You may as well presume to clyme,
 vnto the loftie skye.

FINIS.

Verfes which were presented vnto
 the Patron of this booke at newe
 yeares Time, 1578.

I Reade (right worthe Sir)
 an ertant open thing :
 Of the rare sheiue of Courtesie,
 in Artaxerxes King :
 Who passing through his realme,
 greate men for verie loue,
 With presentes rare, presented him
 there good will for to proue.
 Whose giftes were of greate price,
 to shewe their welth and porte :
 The straigest things that could be got,
 of euery kinde and ioyle.
 Which when the King receaued,
 great thanks to them extended :
 Their loyall heart, to due tie bent,
 most Princely he commended.
 But (ah) a silly soule
 whom pouertie nere pined :
 He thought him to present his Prince,
 as due tie hath assigned.

Not hauing welth at will,
ne Juels that were trimme :
Tooke by his handfull of water faire,
came running towarde him.
And offered to his Grace,
as Token to Forshow:
Though welth he wanted, yet of good wil,
his dutie for to know.
But note the courteous kinde,
of this most prudent Prince:
This present base, not to reiect,
nor once it to conuince.
But tooke it gratefully,
for that he did beholde.
The true intent, of simple soule,
whom dutie made so bold.
So Sir, I earnestly
request this at your hand :
My small present for to esteeme,
next this to understand :
My boldnesse to excuse,
that sauncely thus aspire,
To write so pertely vnto you,
before my state be hyer.
And thirdly for to beare,
my rudenes which hath raised :
A matter here before your face,
vnworthy to be praised.
But forced by good will,
something for to present :
Esteeming not the thing it selfe,
but simple true intent.
The meaning boyd of fraud,
composiing boyde of guyle :
For Grossum Caput giues no leaue,
fine verles to compile.

But

But Tryall hath me Told,
 Experience hath me shouen :
 That Artaxzerxes kinde in you,
 is easie to be knowne.
 The which did set me on,
 to shewe my true intent :
 Some verses (Sir) this new years time,
 vnto you to present.
 For if that I had skill,
 according to my minde :
 A matter that were worth the sight,
 your wo:ship then should finde.
 But what needes all these wordes,
 as Preface now before:
 To signifie a long discourse,
 to trouble more and more.
 But God graunt you your health,
 his fauour and his aide :
 To sheelde you from each fained friende,
 and make your foes dismaide.
 God graunt accomplishment,
 of that you most desire :
 In what so euer as it be,
 from heart I do require.
 God graunt that Enuie may,
 be voyde of her intent :
 Not to preuaile at any time,
 although that she be bent.
 God graunt Dissimulation
 may shine like Christall cleare :
 That vnto you each double hearte,
 may easely appeare.
 God graunt that Deepe Deceipte,
 at no time do preuaile :
 God graunt as much as he can graunt,
 God graunt no thing do quaille.

But

But all may prosper well,
approching still to Fame :
Whose worthe woakes, haue merited
high prayles to his name .
Whose happie helping hand
releueing those that neede :
Doth winne the way to make you liue,
for euer more in deede :
Whose dayly deedes in vse
abroade do so resounde :
As passeth my Capacitie,
or wiſdome to expounde.
Perchaunce your worship will
condemne me in this sorte :
And thinke I write in flattering wils,
to make a long reposte.
Not so (I doe protest)
for why ? I you assure :
In that offence I guiltlesse am,
my conscience it is pure.
And as I scozne the vse,
of flattering flearing fraude :
So will I not, while I do liue,
neglecte to giue you laude.
Desiring still of God,
as erst I did before :
Your ioy to ioyne with new yeare now,
and many other more.
Thus (Sir) I humbly ende,
desiring God of grace :
Your worship long for to preserve,
in happie state and case.
And when your fatall dayes,
of force must yeeld to clay :
Then for to rest, in heauenly place,
that neuer shall decay.

Finis.

Other verses presented vnto him, at new-
Teeres time.

CLeantes he, whom learnings loze
held in such estimation,
As for to find himselfe at schoole,
he vsed this occupation :
At morning soone, and euening late,
he water tankards brought
Vnto those houses of such men,
by whome hee vauntage sought.
For being poore, vnable was
to keepe in place of price:
Vntill he found, by taking paine,
profit in his deuce.
Whereby he kept himselfe at schoole,
good letters to attaine :
And although he was very poore,
yet this way founde he gains.
And when he had sufficient,
according to his will :
He then presented to those men,
some workes of better skill.
Which shewed in him a due Desire
his duetie to reserue :
And also eke an earnest zeale,
there fauours to conserue.
Euen so vnto your worship now,
my simple verse I send :
My dutie bids me be so bouldre,
the same for to commend,
Vnto your courteous true aspect,
to construe of the same :
The which is ment for meere good will,
more then for any fame.
For I haue not Cleantes skill,

D

Deeps

deepe matters to impart :
But such as com: from simple head,
and eke a faithfull hart.
Which caused me this newe yeeres Time
newelike the same to write :
They newe are of inuention,
yet not newe of delight.
Impute it not good Sir, for want
of willingnesse in me :
But want of learning is the cause
no better verbe you see.
I cannot glose with gallant phrase,
my bringing vp was plaine,
And simple sense inforzeth me
to write in simple vaine,
Which I present vnto your vieto,
as heeretofore is laide,
And although not seemely set out,
yet willingnesse well weighed,
Shall counteruayle the want of skill
that aptly heere might bee :
But of an Ape impossible
it is a tayle to see.
The Lorde preferue your worshop long,
in health, in wealth, and peace,
And graunt all thinges you take in hand,
may haue there due increase.
The Lord preuent each fauning foe,
and faithlesse meaning minde :
Who vnder shew of simplenesse,
worke mischief in their kinde,
God graunt vnto you glad new yeere,
with long and ioyfull life :
And likewise I doe with the same
vnto your worthe wife :
Whome you and her the Lorde preferue:
so

so humble I am bound,
To giue you thankses (Sir) while I liue,
for friendship I haue found.

Resting at your commandement,
James Yates.

Verses on friendship.

Vnder the Cope and glittering hue of heauen,
Are all the ioyes allotted by decree :
Yet is there none, that may compared be,
Vnto a friend that neuer is vneuen :
But both remaine all one in constancie.

But for such friendes, as are but friends in sight,
They doe deceiue, uncertaine is their trust,
They proue vntrue, they moulder like the dust :
But ah, a friend that standes in friendly right,
He is a friend, as needes confesse I must.

How if one finde a faithfull friend in deede,
Then keepe him still, as Ieuell that is rare,
Be sure on this, to haue on him a care:
For why? he will remaine a friend at neede :
As Triall telles, and Trueth doth well declare.

Verses on false Report.

O God how false report, doth vvinne a man Defame,
And closely carpeth at his life, to bring him vnto blame.
It louering lurkes in Den of Dire Disdainefull Dole,
And spies a time to peepe abraod, as fire burnes the coale.
No wight so vwise of will, so sober in his deedes;
No one so happy in this vworld, but false reporte him feeder.

For each day that he riseth from slumbering sleeping bed,
 And thinks to spend the cheerefull day deuoyde to Anger led:
 Then ere that drowsie night, approach to take his due,
 He heares some false reporte in hand, which makes his heart to
 But he that bends his eare to euery rattling tale, (rue.
 Shall neuer be without a cause to busie him with bale.
 And he shall haue conceits to coople with his will,
 And some fond fancy put in vse, to feede his humour still.
 Wherefore a head that's staid with steady samed braine,
 Is worth a Massy Mounte of mucke that worldlings seeke to
 For riches flieth loose, where Rashnes rules the band, (game.
 And Right & Reason is cut off, where Rigor seemes to stand.
 But vnto false Report, that fables feine and finde,
 Esteeme of them no other vvaies, but blastes of bootles vwind.
 Put finger in thy eare, and harke not to there tales:
 For they are motions mou'd by those that loue to heare of bales.
 So shall each state stand fast, and steady on his gound,
 He shall not be accounted wise, that folly doth confound.
 So shall he foue in ease, and reape againe in ioy,
 So shall he vvin the wished hap that wresteth downe annoy,
 Wherefore I count him wise, that bridle can his braine,
 And not too rashly run in rage, though cause doth him constrain.

Verles vnto his Muse.

M Use not my minde of wo:ldly thinges,
 Thou see'st what care to some it brings.
 The merriest minde from folly free,
 Sometimes conceales discourtesie,
 Which is the occasion oft of Ire,
 Through frowarde will which kindles fire.
 But if thou wilt liue well at ease
 And wo:ldly wights seeke for to please:
 Then frame thy nature to this plight,
 In each respect to deale vpriht.

Thou

Thou seest my Muse, how Fancie needs,
 And what Desire in some it breeds;
 Thou seest that those, which haue bene well,
 Hauent the skill thereof to tell:
 But thinke to get a better place
 When as they worke their owne Disgrace
 For why? from heauen, they chaunge to hell
 In deepe despite for time they dwell,
 So is our sickle fancie fraught,
 Whom can we blame but tickle Thought.

The sillie bird that breeds no ill,
 But sings with ioyfull notes full still;
 Is by the craft of birders arte
 Brought to her paine, and carefull smart.
 For why? the lute her winges doth charge,
 Who erst to foze did fly at large,
 And then she resteth as we see,
 To try the birders Courtesie:
 Euen so, if some do thee intrap,
 Thou must needs stay to trye thy hap.

Wherefore who well can them content,
 Haue seldome cause for to repent.
 For if thou well doe feele thy selfe,
 Chaunge not that life, for worldly selfe,
 Thou know the ease of quyet minde,
 Is happiest giste by loue assign'd.
 Admit that riches do encrease
 And then the quyet life surcease:
 What is't the better for the gilt,
 When fretting fumes, sweet rest haue spilt.

To haue both welth, and quyet baine,
 Oh happie wightes that it attaine:
 Oh golden dayes of quyet state,

When fortune giues no crabbed mate,
And on the other side I say,
O cursed life that every day,
Doth not escape from furious fittes,
Which heates the heart, & woundes the wifes.
The merry meane I hold for best,
Oh happie wightes, that it inuest.

The labouring man, with breade and drinke,
Lives merrier in mind I thinke,
Then some which feede on dayntie fare,
Whose Corpes sufficed, yet haue greate care:
For sure that meate digestes not well,
Where merrie measure doth not dwell.
Oh Life most happie still I say,
That lues at rest and hath to pay,
And lyeth downe with quyet minde,
The rest to take that loue assign'd.

Verfes vpon the troubles of
this Worlde.

O troublefome world the worker of woe & bale,
Of bitter blaſtes, of ſtormes that ſunt no ſtyle;
Oh hazardes hard, which heape vp ſuch a gale
In furious wiſe, that greeſe is greedy ryle.
In vaine with worldly welth is any wight indued:
If that by mightie Loue it be not ſtill renewed.

The cares are greate to cauſe the minde to muſe,
Of this and that, that happeneth oft a wyſe:
The Fates be ſond, that doth vs oft abuſe,
Wherein conſiſteth a greate perplextie.
For whilſt with toyes we ſeek to haue reliefe,
In meane time cometh ſome cauſe of double greeſe.

Thus

Thus sharpest hap'd are shimmering shewes that shine,
 No bleare the eyes that very faine would see:
 Such pleasant sightes whose aspect doth incline,
 No wight to wo, noz moues to miserie,
 No carke, to care, to græfe, noz to disafe.
 Oh happie wight whom Fortune so doth please.

But for to tell for truth, now which be they,
 My wit is small, and cunning it is lesse.
 I cease to speake, my sense serues not to say:
 For if perchaunce, I should not name aright,
 They would me deeme some mome or belittish wight.

But this to say, the wight that most doth spend
 His Time in ioy, hath some time care among.
 The world is such the best for to offend,
 No reauie their rest that would be free from wrong.
 So some do spend the Wicked World in feares,
 Which for one ioy doth bring a hundred cares.

Verses in declaration of a friend written
at the request of P. W.

Muse did moue me my pen in hand to take,
 In skillese wise vnsteady to endyte,
 But sith it is here witten, for your sake:
 Accept it well and construe it aright.
 For of a friende, I do intende to treat,
 What is a friende, right well I can repeat.

For to declare by iust probation true,
 What is a friend, and what a friend should be:
 A friend standes firme in causes olde or new,
 He sitteth not as sickle friendes we see,
 He keepes his oth, he follews eke no guyle,
 He laugheth not with face of craftie wile.

A friend

A friend is fraught, with faith and fastened stay;
A friend kepes close, that is to him disclosed;
A friend heares not, that may his friend betraye,
But he declares, vnto his friend Deposed;
A friend in woe which sayleth not at need:
A friend so sound, I call a friend in deede,

A friend doth mourne, and largulsh in his heart;
A friend laments, when as his friend doth fall;
A friend doth muse, to helpe his friende in sarat.
A friend doth marke, and to his minde doth call,
How to vsnall the dolours of Dildaine,
which he perceaues do put his friend to paine.

Loe, this my friende, if that thou finde by Tryall.
That firme and fast is kept a vow once made:
Thou canst not then, procure a wronge Denyall,
But that he is a friend, of friendly trade.
If such you finde, keepe him and be not straunge:
For sicke friends, for euery folly chaunge.

I hope this shall suffice to satisfy,
This your request, I write it not for gaine;
But glad if that herein I do discry
Such wordes as do lay open verie plaine,
The friendly factes, of those whose friendly loze,
Doth winne them praise: and so of this no more.

Verses vpon *Hope*, declared by
Motion and Answer.

Motion.

My hope, is helpe,
which lendes my minde reliefe:
Though care be cause,
Some times, to force my griefe.

Answer.

Aunswere.

As grieve doth gripe,
and moues the heart to moane;
So hope is help'd,
by priuie thoughts alone.

Motion.

By thought alone,
is that soone help'd indeede:
Ten thousand thoughtes,
shall then my fancy feede.

Aunswere.

Tell, if thou thinke
with fastened minde and stay,
By thought will helpe
in thinking what there may:

Motion.

With time comes thinges,
vnlike at first to proue:
So hope of Time,
when dolours doe thee moue.

Aunswere.

Such counsell is good,
I take in friendly part,
And yeeld you thanks,
with willing minde and hart.

Verses written at the Departure of his friende W. Q.
When hee went to Dwell at
London.

The absence of a friend,
is grieve vnto the hart:
The presence of him worketh ioy,
and putteth backe the smart:
So will (my onely Will)
the absence now of thee,

Doth make me waile in woeful wise,
to thinke that it should bee.
But when thy friendly Corpes,
shall present be to view :
Then shal I ioy, as now I mourne,
that absence makes me rue.
But well, I must content
my dolefull minde with this :
That subiect are to fortunes loze,
as certaine true it is.
Yet this I doe perswade,
that absence hath no force :
A faithfull friend, to make unkinde,
that were without remo;ce.
I doe not thinke that Will,
will so his friend forget :
But will remaine in former will,
and be not ouer let,
By any light conceipte,
which doth procure vnrrest,
To bring disdaine, whereas delight
should build within the brest.
So no, I am disposed
to speake this by the way :
But Trust me Will, beleene me now,
I doubt not as I say.
For I am firmly firt,
thy friendship will not faile,
Although that absence might procure
the same for p;euails.
Well, so; a bauntlesse vow,
accept this at my hand :
As I haue beene so with I be,
good Will so vnderstand.

Verſes ſent vnto Maſter P. W.
to Cambridge.

I ſt gratulations (Sir)
from ſecret faithfull heart,
May at your handes, accepted be
and taken in good part;
Or if a barren verſe,
wherein doth reſt no ſkill,
May yeeld vnto you ſuch delight
as Motions mou'd by Will:
Then Sir: as Time ſutweares
the length of euery life,
Which bringeth ſome in happy bliſſe,
and ſome in dole and triſe:
So Time oft takes in hand
a matter of erection,
And though at firſt it ſeeme vnlike,
in fine it hath perfection.
When this conſidered is,
me thinkes it hath a grace:
Which oft delightes the dolefull minde,
and yeeldes it ſome ſolace.
And though Sir I preſume
to take in hand the penne,
I knowe full well to whom I wrytes
and what conceaue I then?
I ſtraight perſuade my ſelfe,
as Triall hath me tolde:
That there doth reſt in Courteous beſt,
receppts tenne thouſand fold.
Which waied? who would not then,
inforce his doliſh bzaine,
To wryte his verſe, to ſuch a one,
who neuer will diſdaine,
The beſeneſſe of the ſame,

though sound it doe of paine;
Whose Duten pipes doe toy such mates,
as handle flayle and Salve.
Your friendes are all in health,
your foes God graunt them foyle:
And sigge for those that wish you ill,
let grumblng snudge goe moyle.
A letter I you sent,
wherein I did discharge:
To write effect of your request,
and fathers speech at large,
Concerning Master B.
who nowe in Cambridge Towne,
By fauours letter there receiued,
God graunt he so sit downe,
As when he ryseth vp:
all wildenesse be exile,
Which is the grounde of gracelesse greene,
where mischief seemes to buylde.
Thus Sir I rest your owne,
with true and faithfull hart:
Craving of God that you may liue,
a life deuoyde of smart.

Other verses written vnto him vwhen hee was at
svvich: With a Caueat vvhich was
in Printe, sente at the same
Time.

I If will doe with, not want can holde me backe,
I Although I finde my cunning is but small:
Or if I should Discourse what I doe lacke,
As I haue cause, if well to minde I call:
Then might I cease, and be content to stay,
The skillelesse verses which I ofte displays.

I saine would frame some cunning in my stile,
 And Poet like to notefie my minde :
 I haue desire such matter to compile
 As may content, although in Trueth I finde
 I want Dame learning, which is the chiefe thinge
 I wille to procure, and credit for to bringe.

But what meane I to be obedient
 Vnto obliuion, so vyle a thinge?
 Why do I cease so longe for to present,
 What to withhold, which I of right should bringe?
 Welike it is, because the chaunged state,
 Hath chaung'd my Muse, and put in feare of rate.

Some other matter Differing from the first,
 Queyding sadnesse workes a sudden feare,
 A sudden chaunge, from that which was the worst,
 Doth suddenly discharge the minde of care,
 And on the sudden seemeth such delight,
 As moucht mirth moze then I can resiste.

But Sir, if I should breake my inwarde heart, *¶*
 In secrete sort, as I do it inuest,
 I must haue Time for that I would imparte.
 But I do hope that this among the rest,
 Shall simply serue as Toaken which I sende,
 My Truth and troth to you for to commend:

With bowes to baunte, the loyall loue I beare,
 To you, and all that is Sir of your name :
 It were but vaine for I Dare iustly sweare
 You do I hope, so construe of the same,
 My due tie donne to you and all the rest :
 I you commend to him which is the best.

Prouyder for all men : who alwayes prosper
 your proceedings

A caueat conuenient for younkers to see :
How fickle Dame Fancie, doth chaung her degree.

Draw neere you Impes of youthfull race,
respect my wordes a while :
Beware in Time, turne from that place,
where Fancie most doth smile.
Let not the shew of simpling lookes,
encourage thee to lust:
Least thou be tooke, with poysoned hookes:
where most thou putst thy Trust.
Dost thou not see, it is not race,
to vse deceitfull wayes :
For if thou rightly wilt compare,
and marke well the delayes ,
Then shalt thou finde such craftie vaine,
such soothing boyd of truth :
As puts each honest heart to paine,
and turnes their mirth to ruth.
The modest mind which markes the loze,
and state of this our time :
Doth inwardly in hearte deploze,
to contrieue of each crime,
Committed thorow follie fond,
The mother of Debate :
Which makes no accompt to keepe the bond,
of Truth, or trustie state.
Yet marke how foolish wanton Will,
by Fancie brought a sleepe,
Will seeme to playe the noddy still
in daunger more to creepe:
When as by pprose sufficient,
it plainly doth appeare,
How Lewdenesse leanes to their intent,
and it some will not heare.
Though in their eares it sounded be,

eke each day in their sight:
 They blinded are they can not see,
 and why then shall I write?
 For sooth because they senseless seeme
 being lulled so in lust,
 And yet they Prudently esteeme
 the faces of some vnust:
 And in their heart do sacrifice,
 profoundly and deuout,
 As though in deede that might suffice,
 to bring their fetch about.
 A las, a lack, I moune, I waile,
 I sigh, I sob to see:
 That foolish fancie should preuaile,
 to winne the chiefe degree:
 In mortall mundes which are but clay,
 and flesh the woymes to feede,
 And like a shadow doth decay
 most true it is in deede.
 When ere thy breath be spent and past,
 reuoke thy childish toyes:
 And giue thou ouer yet at last,
 that most was once thy ioyes.
 For why? sond Will thou canst not haue,
 that solely to thy selfe:
 When others may in time it craue
 as gayned with their pelfe.
 Thou art of yeares to know, this well,
 The Hauke whose gorge is full,
 Takes more delight to shake her bell,
 then on the lure to pull:
 Euen so conceiue this in thy thought,
 for why? thou maiest it see:
 The newest things are soonest bought,
 and are still wont to be.
 Then thus consider in thy minde,

where

Where thou thy fancie frames :
 Giue leaue let Nature shewe her kinde,
 but publish out no names.
 For Nature she, can not digresse,
 I speake not this to faine,
 But euen the truth for to expresse,
 to those who to that baine,
 Doe seeme so much for to apply,
 their studie in their hearfe :
 God graunte in fine such do not trie,
 a close vnhidden smart.
 And thus adue, I leaue this vers,
 to scanned be of some :
 Which often times do wordes rehearse,
 when as they might be mune.

Verses vvritten vpon this vvord, vvho doth
 refaine to faine, declared vnto him priuatly by
his friends, vvhome he answereth thus.

Who can refraine where flatterie beareth sway,
 Who doth not Sir Dissemble: for sooth I vpright
 Who hath I harmles heart: not verteuouse me I say, (mind,
 Who mindeth most mistrust: the lewd, and truthles kind,
 Who fauours friendlesse fraud: the sickle scarring friend,
 Who most rebuketh vice: those that with godly ende,

A lothsome life it were if idlenesse were maintained,
 A brutish kinde of trade, to fauour a filthie fast,
 A mischieuous meaning man for most part is disdayned,
 An innocent to slay were but a cowardes ade,
 A pratler much to be, declares but simple sense,
 A drunkardes draught, to drinke, you graut to be offence.

Well Sir, as for offence, offenders we are all.

Aswell the riche as poore, the wise as is the foole:
 God graunt we may haue grace for mercy shal to call
 And with repentant hearts, to set a godly dole
 In place where we may see, and willing to amend,
 As we by nature ready are, Gods goodnesse to offend.

Verses written vpon a dreame which was dreamed
on Sundaie night, the x. of April,
and written vnto Mistresse

F. W.

When darke some night approached was,
 and Phcebus ceast to shine;
 Then went I to my easing bed,
 to rest this corps of mine.
 Wherein laide downe (before I slept)
 according to my vse:
 I craued pardon for my faultes,
 abounding in abuse.
 Thus when I had bequeath'd my selfe
 vnto high loue to keepe:
 My heauy eyes inforced me
 straight waies to fall asleepe.
 Then Morpheus he was courteous bent,
 to merry make my minde:
 And vnto me this Sundayes night
 a pleasant parte assignde.
 For lo, beholde, one of my friends,
 my thought thus tolde to me:
 That mode it mistresse F. W. should
 most welthy married be,
 vnto a proper Gentleman,
 whose Parentes are of fame:
 And he himselfe by due deserte,
 doth merrite euen the same.
 Whose vertuous life from infancy,

Morpheus
 God of this
 Dreames

I

hath

hath wonne him such repose,
 As Trust me friend, I want the skill,
 in order to let desolate,
 Well friends quoth I, a thousand thanks
 for this thy happy tale:
 This may prevent the perners pangs
 of bitter beyling bale,
 With that I was'd from dothfull sleepe,
 and to my selfe did lay:
 I craue of God with all my heart
 that Iames may see that day.
 And as this dreame of my deli. ht
 did friendlesse feare reiect:
 So I doe wish, if you so please,
 that it may take effect.
 And thus I end, my duty done,
 your selfe I doe commend,
 Unto the heauenly Lord of hostes,
 who alwayes you defend.

Verses vpon feare and
 Fery.

F Care is a foe, as fury is a friend,
 And selfe conceipt is worker of much harme;
 Disdainefull doubts, doe bring a man to end;
 And careful cold doth neuer keepe man warme.
 Distrustfull mindes haue euery houre care,
 As much as they can idell vprightly beare.

The quiet minde is neuer troubled much.
 But tries to take each thing in sober sort:
 When fret and fancy fretteth, and doth grutch
 To see her selfe contemned in her sport.
 Well, baine it is here much for to reueale,
 In close conceipt I will the rest conceale.

22
All Time doth serue, according to my minde,
And opportunitie to open my intent:
I see, yet seeme as though that I were blind,
I toy like wise, when as I might lament,
I frame my selfe to vse such play and spoote,
As others doe, which to the place resorte.

Sighing is signe of sadnesse,
As myrth is shevve of gladnesse.

Verses vpon this Theame.

Silence breaketh many Friendeshippes.

Written vnto his friende
G. P.

If Silence friendship breakes,
then silent for to be:
Is euen the way to loose a friend,
as seemeth vnto me.
For when I call'd to minde
how longe my pen did rest,
From writing to him which deserues,
as well as doth the best:
Then saide I to my selfe,
I am too silent I,
What to my friend of all this time
nothing I doe deserue.
I doe consider thus,
he is of courteous kind:
Wee will haue no ill conceipt
I hope within his minde.
For I must needs confesse,

I haue not idle Time :
 So much as I haue heretofore,
 to write each thing in rime.
 I am enforced nowe,
 to bend both wit and will :
 For to discharge, that is my charge,
 and rest in fauour still.
 The which God graunt I may,
 for that is my Desire :
 The onely sore I seeke to salue,
 the right I doe require.
 The more of it I muse,
 the more I haue good cause,
 To try which way, and what to doe,
 to ponder and to pause,
 To print in priuate brest,
 and secrets to conceale :
 For why ? it is a folly vaine,
 each action to reueale.
 But whether doe I wend ?
 I run beyond my reach :
 What doe I meane to write so much,
 as though that I should teach ?
 O no, I not so minde,
 but this is my intent :
 Some verses to my very friend,
 my thinkes I must present.
 And thus I you commend
 vnto the Lord of all,
 Who readie is to heare and helpe,
 those that on him doe call.

— Verses written in a solitary
 suppose of a doubtfull
Dumpe.

I Sadly sitting in a Dumpe,
 deuiling

Denying what to write :
 My Muse could not, asorde me that,
 Which should yeelde me delight :
 Because the saw I was dispos'd,
 In solitarie sorte,
 With matter boyd of pleasant glee,
 To make a plaine reporte,
 Of private passions which procure,
 The inward wo and paine,
 The secret causes of contempt,
 The dolour and disdain,
 The lingring hope that faintly seeres,
 The mindes of many wightes,
 That passe their time in place,
 Where grow but few delights,
 And yet we see, it happens so,
 That in the midst of sinart :
 They finde some causes of conceipte,
 Which doe reioyce their heart,
 And trust me true that is the way,
 To mitigate the ill :
 Which other wise, might be the cause,
 Of wounding of their will.
 To be disposed from delight,
 Is meane to moue or none ;
 To continue of each crosse conceipte,
 Is gydder vnto grone :
 Wherefore to be indifferently,
 The causes of all lucke,
 Is meane to knowe no inward hate,
 Vpon our thought to lucke.
 We see by due exampl'es the wed,
 The chaunges of our time ;
 We see ther's none so iwarely lines,
 That alwayes boydeth cryme ;
 We see who most doth frame him selfe

to sober soyle of life :
 Is forced though against his will,
 to try and tast of strife.
 The most of all that we do finde,
 as hinderers of good happe :
 Are crooked causes which do come,
 our state for to intrappe.
 The daintie dayes of old delight,
 whereon some trust repose :
 Incertaine are, nothing so sure,
 as life and them to lose.
 The featured face which flourisheth,
 in beawtie blasing brane :
 Shall wrimples be when hoare Age,
 commaundes it vnto graine.
 The golden hayre which glittereth,
 and shewes so by in helme :
 Shall lodged be in cloddies of clay,
 and kept from two holy velle.
 The listening eares which do delight,
 in tales reporting pleasures :
 Shall become deafe, and brought to ground,
 when death doth find his leisure.
 The truthlesse tengue which doth agree,
 to flatter and to faine :
 Shall feede the wormes as it hath fed,
 a number with disaine.
 The pleasant nose which takes repast,
 to smell each pleasant sent :
 Shall lose the profit of the same,
 and vnto death relent.
 The fingers that can finely frame,
 to strike the ioyfull Lave :
 Shall cease from pleasure of the same,
 when Death doth Life confute.
 The feete which wonted were to goe,
 and

and vnto mirth reioyce :
 Must be content to rest at home,
 and leaue off former spoyle.
 The wanton wight which takes delight,
 to cut it with his blade :
 By tract of Time growes from that vse,
 when Age doth him inuade.
 The Preacher (he) which feedes his flocke,
 with ghostly counsell pure :
 Must yeelde to death and be content,
 his pangues so to endure.
 The wise and worthiest wighte of all
 that euer liued here :
 Must be content to yeelde to Death,
 as plainly doth appeare.
 Thus to conlude, we may be hold
 each one of natures frame :
 Shall taste of Death, when mightie Ioue
 assigned hath the same.

Verfes sent vnto his friend,

B. M.

I **I** all thy deedes be circumspect,
 Thy secretes not disclose :
 But vnto such in whom thou dost,
 a faithfull trust repose.
 And if thou hast a faithfull friend,
 be loth him to offend :
 Accounte thou not of flattering friendes,
 thy eares to such not bend.
 Heerne God with faithfull fired faith,
 and frame thy life so iust :
 As that thy carnall motions be,
 not moue thee vnto lust.
 Conceaine and way well thine estate,

take

take not too much in hand:
Frame thy expences as thou maist,
line free from others band.
In doing this with iust regarde,
thou shalt auoyd much blame,
And euery one that markes thy vie,
will praise thee for the same.

Verfes written for one, who elpyng his
friends fauour and countenance to be alte-
red from the former fashion, to satisfie his
request, he wrote as followeth.

I See and dayly spy, by open biewe too plaine,
That those which once esteem'd of me, begun me to disdain
And much I muse thereat: but my ill lucke is cause,
I stand in doubt and dumpty drees, and sometime in a pause.
I sigh, I sobbe, I waile, I knocke vpon my brest,
I tolle me here, I tolle me there, as one that takes no rest:
I looke like fillie soule; with ruthfull running eye,
And cast my head oft times abacke good countenance to espy:
But Lord how coy it seemes, and squammish to the shewe,
I neuer thought y^e courtesie kind such malice once woulde
Oh Fortune sickle Dame, in whom remains no trust, (owe,
Whose wauering chaunces are no stay to grow vpon for wilt,
As thou procurest friendes, so thou procurest foes; (grows
As thou makes i^{ch}, so thou makes poore cuf, as thy pleasure
As now to day to laugh, to morrow for to weape,
And those y^e wake in pleasure sweet, at length in danger sleepe
Thus vpside down thou roulest y^e whirling wheele of chaunce,
And I accompt them happileste, that most thou dost aduaunce,
As for my onely state I blame thee oh of right,
For sure none the causer was, but thou of this my spile:
Thou broughtst my liking first, and I was well esteem'd,
And had a countenance boyd of hate, & secretly I was tenn'd,

To be in presence more, then euer since I was :
 But now a chaunce against me unhappely doth passe,
 For why ? I dare not halfe so boldly now aspire,
 I dare not once presume, to warme me by the fire,
 I dare not Parle now, so bolde as I was wont,
 For if I doe, the aunswere comes both sharpe, both tarte and
 And head is hanged downe, and eyes doe looke aside, (blunt:
 And faces of the other sorte are made as they woulde chide.
 Wherfoze you flattering flurt, Dame fortune by your name,
 A vengeance take thy truthles trade, for thou didst cause the
 But though in thy dispight, yet will I vse my ioy, (same :
 And neuer soake my heart with care, although they seeme so
 For they are but thy fittes, I knowe it very well, coy :
 When pleasantnesse is so disposed, such thinges he can expell:
 To which most happy time I trust, but not to thes,
 For thou art still of sitting kind and euer more wilt be.

Verfes declaring how each Desire
Is satisfied in Time.

The hungry soule that wantes
 of foode his Corpes to fill:
 Is forced forth through pining plainte:
 to remedie his ill:
 And if by happie lotte,
 he lighteth in such place,
 Whereas is foode abundantly
 to helpe his dolefull case:
 When you shall see this swaine,
 whom hungers hate had hiss,
 When he in Time hath had Desire
 doth skorne that ofte he miss:
 The wight that keepes in Courte
 and biewes the gallant shewes
 Of Princes Pallace deerely dect
 whose eyes it daily knowes :



Effectually

Esteemeth not so much
the sight, though it be rare,
As he esteemes a new fond toy
where on his eyes may stare.
What is the cause of this?
because that he is fill'd,
And hath enough euen of the sight
As much as he hath will'd.
The Goldsmith that doth worke,
vpon the Diamond rare:
Doth not so much esteeme the sight,
as sequell doth declare.
The Painter that doth make,
with pencell in his hand,
Some passing peece of Portraiture,
like liuely shape to stand:
At first time when he went
with will to learne that art,
Desire was a mate of his,
and would not bzaue a part:
And marke how he (by Time)
of it hath had his fill:
He passeth more for greedie gold
then he esteemes his skill.
Thus is Desire at length
by Time brought into bre:
The Painter pleased is with Coyne,
as well as Portraiture.
The Gentleman that keepes
a Hauke for his delight,
And taketh pleasure for to vie
the swiftnesse of her sight,
With spannelles for to raunge,
the game alofte to spring:
At length we see, he wearily
accompteth of the thing.

The

The greedy Lyon eke
 that roareth for her pray,
 Is neuer satisfied vntill
 Some faultlesse thinge she slay:
 And then when she hath fed,
 and fulnesse her inuest;
 She neuer passeth moze for it,
 till hunger doth request.
 The Cat will watch and wayte,
 till she the House hath got:
 And then when she hath fedde her fill,
 a dewe, she careth not.
 The Scriuener that takes pains
 with painfull penne to please:
 Espieth not his labour wayed,
 so much the moze disafe.
 That company which keepes
 for a long time together.
 By time grows strange, as euer they were
 at first time comming hether.
 The booke that newe is made
 is moze esteem'd of price:
 And better liked on by some
 then woorkes of deepe deuice.
 Wherefore the way to haue
 a thing esteemed well:
 Is secretly to keepe the same
 and not abroade to tell.
 For why, I well perceine,
 examles put before:
 That friendship failes, when fancy findes
 new liking for her store.
 Wherefore to learne to keepe
 in secret silent best:
 It is a poynt of wisdomes sure,
 in whom to ere it rest.

Thus is Desire fedde,
thus is Desire strange:
Thus both Desire giue vs ill,
and makes our friendes to change.

Verses written vnto one which had wrote

*A Curious Commendation of his hap-
pie Exchange.*

VVhy dost thou baunt, before thou knowe?
Why dost thou bragge before thou trie?
All is not golde, that is of glittering shewe,
Nor trust not that which pleaseth the eye:
For in the same deceipt both rest,
As prooue both make it manifest.

For since thou wrot'st that glorious stile
In praise of thy so good exchange:
A frowarde fit some did compile,
Which vnto thee did seeme full strange;
That at the first it did befall,
Such rough repulse to sleepe withall.

Wherefore I counsell thus doe giue,
To frame thy nature now to abyde,
And see that thou discrete doe liue,
And fainte not though some fondly chide:
For why? thou wost so much before,
You knowe my munde, Ile say no more.

Verſes written for a requiſite remembrance
*of the earth quake which happened on Wed-
 neſday the 6. of Aprill. 1580, betwene
 5. and 6. of the clocke at night of the
 ſame day.*

When man doth leaſt accompt of this his end,
 And as he thinkes doth ſafely ſit at reſt:
 Then ſuddenly or euer he be ware,
 Doth Death approach, his coꝝps ſoꝝ to inueſt,
 And in a moment all his pompe and pride
 And gloꝝy vaine, is quickly laide a ſide.

His houſe the which he takes foꝝ his Defence,
 And as it were doth make a ſure grounde:
 Preſuming that it ſtandeth firme and faſt,
 Foundation ſuch not likely to confound
 By any chaunce, except the ground do fall:
 The which high loue hath ready at his call.

Oh gracious God how wonderful are thy woꝝkes,
 Thy ſecretes not known to mind of man:
 Thou ſend'ſt vs ſignes, and tokens of thy woꝝath,
 And if with grace we rightly do them ſcanne,
 We may thus thinke, and alſo vnderſtand,
 Thy iudgemente day is very nee at hand.

Yet mercifully thou doeſt vs all foꝝgiue,
 And wouldeſt not that we ſhould ſinke in ſinne,
 But penitently thy mercy ſoꝝ to craue,
 And leaue ſuch leaſtneſſe as we do beginne
 Too much to ble, alas the more the ruth,
 And God will ſcouge no doubt, foꝝ our vnt ruth.

Oh ſudden motion, and ſhaking of the earth,

No blustering blasses, the weather calme and milde;
Good Lord the sudden rarenelle of the thing
A sudden feare did bying, to man and childe,
They verely thought, as well in field as Toltene,
The earth should sinke, and the houses all fall downe.

Well let vs print this present in our heartes,
And call to God, for neuer neede we more;
Craving of him mercy for our misdeedes,
Our sinfull lues from heart for to deploze.
For let vs thinke this token doth portend,
A scourge nere hand, if we do still offend.

Pet neuer was Gods word more diligently
Preached vnto vs, then it is at this day:
But out alas, what boote is it to heare,
And presently forget what they do say.
For he which layes his hand vpon the plowe,
And turneth backe, shall speed you know as how.

The wantonnesse and lewdnesse now adayes,
Is much to write, therefore it is but vaine:
To seeme at large the same for to expresse:
The grauer sorze do much of it complaine,
And wish there were amendment of ill life,
Which euery where alas is too to rise.

Pride is too pearte and falshood flourisheth much,
Deceipte is drepe, good Lord how it is vsed:
Enuy is rife, blaspheming doth not want:
Well, in effect each thing is now abused.
Lord graunt we may conuert, and that with speede,
For well we know, we neuer had more neede.

Let vs not linger and dyue from day to day,
We haue beene warned sufficiently we know:

The

The Lord is angry, and not without good cause,
And though he do but signes vnto vs therto:
Well let vs thinke if we do thus erre
In sinne to reſe, we ſhall it fee in deede.

Amend your liues for the kingdome of God
is at hand. *Mat. 3.*

None good but God.

Verſes written vnto his friend W. C.
of not, and nor.

Not boysterous winds of Æolus force can stir the hardy rocks,
Nor wooden Wedges can preuaile to cleaue the knotty blocks.
Not absence (he) to friendly heartes can any breach procure,
Nor spiteful ſpice can do much hurte where friēdſhip doth assure.
Not frowning lookes of frowarde Mars that can my pen reſtraine,
Nor doubtfull ſpeech can me reuoke, in verſe to ſhew my vaine.
Not want of good will ready preſt ſhall be one let or cauſe,
Nor yet the feare of any man ſhall make me for to pauſe.
Not Time to tarry to deuife ſome pleaſant thing to write,
Nor yet to prone for to be ſine, my verſe for to indite.
Not that I thinke my friend he will for raſhneſſe laugh at me,
Nor that I ſtand in doubt, if that this thing he take in gree.
Not that I am a Poet braue for to declare my minde,
Nor that I haue a curiouſe head ſome pleaſant thing to finde.
Not that my friend is ſcrupuloſſe, but friendly he will take,
Nor that he is of Momus ſeēt to mocke that I do make.
Nor I know my friend will now accept my ragged verſe,
Nor I thinke he will reiect that which I do rehearſe.
Not that the Time doth let me now ſome ſarther wordes to uſe,
Nor that I meane in any thing my friend for to abuſe.

In ſteade of giſtes to thanke thee for,
Take *Tates* his giſte of not and nor.

Verſes

Verſes written vpon the captiouſe conſecture of
one who not offended.

The ſtate of woꝛldly wightes is ſtraunge,
And nutall mindeſ, do paſſe my ſkill :
The good haue bad, for their erchaunge,
By cogitations wrong to will.
The iniury hath ſmall repay,
Where maieſtie doth beare the ſway.

The ſupreame rule ſupporteth much,
He thinkes it ſaith, why I am hee :
When know my nature to be ſuch,
As ſcant my like is knowne to be,
For where I may I croppes, I loppe :
I make them ſcoupe and bowe their toppes.

But Iuſtice ſittes with ſword in hand,
And Equiry with ballance right :
The cauſe and truth to vnderſtand,
To deale by equall Doome vpꝛight :
For ſure the Gods they will not ſee,
That woꝛngfull iudgement genen be.

Then pꝛeace in place, thou guyleſſe minde :
Whole moꝛdeſt moꝛde deſerues no blame :
God will all miſbelues vnbinde,
And try thy truth with woꝛthie ſame :
And like as Laurell kepes the hue :
So truth the falſhood ſhall ſubdue.

Conceiue no cauſe of penſiue thought.
In Nature good, each ſmall is greate :
The wiſe themſelues, haue wiſely taught,
More then my pen can here repeat :
Wherefoꝛe I ceale, I ſtay to tell,

Hoping

Hoping in end all shall be well.

29

Verfes written vpon a Question.

I Being once occasioned Comparifons to vfe :
A friend of mine, a question put, to aunfwere or refufe.
The which was this : *What thing was that, which longeſt doth remaine*
In happie bliſſe, but as the laſt is taſteſh of ſome paine.

Where with I grewe aſtonied, an aunſwere ſtreight to make:
For why quoth I, deliberation in this I had neede take,
Yet as my ſimple head a ſimple reaſon can render,
I hope you will accept it well, though it be ſmall and ſlender.

Then (Sir) I thus confeſſe, as reaſon would I ſhould,
To tell my minde I am content, to ſpeake the beſt I could.
The happieſt thing (quoth I) is Gods eternall grace,
For that is that which doth remaine and ſtaves in happie caſe,

For els I knowe no thing, that happie can be counted,
No worldly wealth, no Towre high, that to the ſkye is mounted,
No faith of any friend, for why it ſhall decay :
We ſee it is like fortunes wheele, which turneth euey way.

In faith my friend (quoth he) you haue me full reſolued,
It ſeemes you truſt not much the world, from it you are diſſolued.
The fragrant ſloriſhing ſeates, and gallant gloſing glee,
Is like a blaſt or puffe of wind which blowes the leafe from tree.

Eſteeme it as it is, and weigh and ponder thus,
That mindes of men change euey houre as fancie doth diſcuſſe:
But ah, the changleſſe ſtate that euer ſhall endure,
Is Gods eternall bliſſe on hye, of this we may be ſure.

Verfes written vpon Deſire, to vnload the minde.

T He Bird that buildes her neſt, doth order due obſerue,
And therein takes her reſt, her younglings to preferue:
As nature doth ordaine each thing by courſe of kind,
So ſhe doth them maintaine till ſeekers do them find.

Like ſo where worldly woes doe dayly ſtill increaſe,
And luckleſſe chances ſhewe that ſorrowes will not ceaſe

H

TH

Till happy hap doth hit, and course doth turne and change,
And good lucke come to those, to whom she hath bin strange.

Where want doth weaue the web, there skant doth pleasure growe,
Where good successe doth ebb, there ill successe doth flowe,
Where *Patience* perforce in spight must vsed be:
Vnhappy is that course, such haplesse hap to see.

Small difference
betwene plea-
santnes & ioy-
fullnesse.

As pleasantnesse doth vade, and dieth like the flowre:
So ioyfulnesse consumes within one silly houre.
Or what doth boote it nowe in myrth for to abound,
When as we bend and bow to sorrowes sollemne sound.

The head opprest with dumps, the heart doth heauie make,
And wayward chances come, our ioyes away to take.
And as the Impe that greace, is tender for the knife:
So mirth is seldome seene, whereas such cares be rife

*Verses vvhich signifie the ease,
How medling least, doth not displease.*

THe busie heads, whose harebraine wits,
With causelesse cause will haue to dealc:
Doe often shewe but foolish fittes,
For nothing they can close conceale.
All you that meane to liue at ease,
To meddle least doth not displease.

The Royster and the quarreling foole,
That standes vpon his garde of strength:
May meete with one that shall him coole,
And ouercome his pride at length.
All you that meane to liue at ease,
To meddle least, doth not displease.

The pratler (he) cannot abstaine,
Ne yet keepe in his tongue from prate:
O blame him not for tis his vaine,
He takes a glory in that rate.
All you that meane to liue at ease,
To meddle least doth not displease.

Tis vaine to put our hand in fire,
 Or in a fray to take a parte,
 When as no cause doth so require,
 Perchance he comes vnto his smart,
 All you that meane to liue at ease,
 To meddle least doth not displease.

The prouerbe often thus doth shew,
 Which warneth vs in this respect:
 Heere much but little seeke to know,
 That any tumult may erect.
 All you that meane to liue at ease,
 To meddle least doth not displease.

By busie pates strife and *Debate*,
Rancour and *Rage* be reared vpright:
Ennie, *Disdaine* and cruell hate,
 Are put in vre by such awight.
 All you that meane to liue at ease,
 To meddle least doth not displease.

So may you well be bold of this,
 The loue of each man thou shalt winne:
 And haue likewise eternall blisse,
 For quiet state you liued in.
 All you that meane to liue at ease,
 To meddle least doth not displease.

Of meddling least I thus define:
 The happie state in it doth rest,
 And like a Iuell it doth shine,
 Among all Iuels of the best.
 All you that then wil liue at ease,
 To meddle least doth not displease.

Verſes written vpon Saint *James*
his day.

O Blessed Sainſte, whole glorious name both ſhine
Throughout the world with fame and honour eke :
Whole wiſdome rare, and modeſt life diuine,
Doe ſhew thy ſelfe to be both milde and meete.
Thou follow'ſt Chriſt, thou neuer waſt to lecke :
God graunt I James may euer doe the like,
That James may ioy with James that was ſo pure,
In heauenly throne, which euer ſhall endure.

O Lord Direct and guide my ſteps like his,
With harmeleſſe heart to treade ſo true a trace :
When ſhall my ſteps be ſteadie and not miſſe,
But by good life to winne thy heauenly place.
With courage bould to come and view thy face,
For that I haue ſincerely runne the race,
And liu'd vpright in thought, in worde and deede,
And in exceſſe of ſinne doe not erre.

O Lord if I may iuſtly this approue,
Then let me haue according to deſert :
Reiſe me not but for thy tender loue,
Reuerſe the rage of ſinnes infernall ſmart.
And I proteſt to laude thee with my heart,
O Lord I craue from ſinne doe me conuert :
That when my life no longer here may bee,
My ſoule may reſt in heauen aboue with thee.

FINIS.

None good but God quoth
James Yatis.



THE
Chariot of Chastitie,

Drawne to publication by
Dutiful Desire, Goodwill,
- and Commendation.

Also
A Dialogue betwene
Diana and Venus.

With Ditties deuised at fundrie idle times for
Recreation sake; Set downe in such wise as
insueth, by James Yarris.



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Washington, D. C.

To the vertuouse and his approued good

*Mistresse, Mistresse Elizabeth Reynowls, wife vnto
his approued good Master and friend
Master Henry Reynowls Esquire.*

Considering with my selfe (Worshipfull Mistresse) the due desert proceeding to your person, the perfect prooffe of pure pretence, in supporting and holding up of vertuouse exercises: Was and is the occasion to incontinencie of presenting this vnto your view. I am though unskilfull yet not unmindfull of your deserts, which if I should take in hand to penne, I were like him which boldly and perty aduentured to treade the Maze, And being in, could not finde the way out againe, but by long time and instruction. So if I should beginne to write, I must haue both long time, and also instruction in learned lore. This my present vnto you (being simply penned Intituled The Chariot of Chastitie) hath bene by forgetfulnessse kepte from my sight, and long hath lingered in the lodge of Lazinesse. But when requisite remembrance had deemed of Delay: Then presently perswasion induced me to publish the same. But I stood in doubt whether I might present it vnto you: Waving the insufficiencie of the deuice, but being emboldened by its meaning, I was incouraged, and as I haue presented vnto your Worships husband, my simple Castell, making him patron of the same: So I thought it good to vnite you together. Selecting you for Patronsse of this my present, Wishing vnto your Mistrisshippe as dutie bindes me, flourishing felicitie in this life, and in the world to come
Heauenly happinessse.

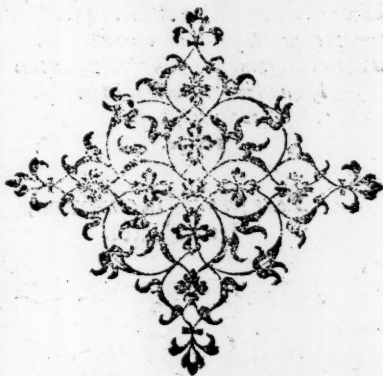
*Your seruant to command,
James Yates.*

Verfes on the name of Miftrefle

Elizabeth Reynovls.

E Experience of your Courtiefie imboldeneth me to write,
L Long might you live in loyall love, unto your faithfull make,
I I craue of Ioue fo: to uphold your dayes ftill in delight,
S Sendin g his blessing on each thing, & which in hand you take
A Advancing vertue, infamoufe vice you euer did forfake:
B Bearing a zeale to sober myndes, well giuen, boyd of ill,
E Extolling good and godly workes to them you haue refpect:
T The modelt Matrons you frequent which fcorne at wanton
H Hauty hearts & pompious pride you alwayes did reiect. (Will,
R Regarding much the vertuouse chafe of Diana & her Dames,
E Expelling wilde & wanton workes, which vniſt of Venus hue:
Y Yeelding no whit vnto the blaze of Cupids flaſhing flames,
N Noting ſuch matters as you finde by tryall to be true,
O Omittin not to do each thing in time and ſeaſon due.
W Wiſely waying what doth want, and it fo: to renew,
L Lending reliefe, in time of need, to thoſe that want the ſame:
S Sure due deſert doth well deſerue to haue inno: fall fame,

No fauour to fortune.



33

*To the Courteous and Friendly
Reader.*

Gentle Reader, I shall thee pray with courtesie to view this simple worke, & not to deride or skorne it because the basenes of it deserueth the same: for the thou dost vtterly abash me, and make so to blush, as boldnes to attempt the like, shall not so easily be found. Thou maist account me more willing then wittie, but iudge vprightly and weigh my wel willing minde with courtesie, and say this I pray thee (in my behalfe) that my meaning was to please and not offend, as he that knoweth thy thought (& mine) doth know it ful wel, & therefore sith I meane well, I pray thee with willing minde receaue it well, so shall I be desirous to endeauour my selfe still dayly more & more to the accomplishment of my well willing minde & earnest determination, such as heartie affection would set more vnto the view, but that skillesnesse doth hold me backe, & shutteth vp the gates of knowledge against me, & will not suffer me to haue aboade within that excellēt place, to the which is due such praise as my tongue hath not vtterance to commēd. But gentle Reader (to be short & knit vp the matter) I pray thee accept it (as it is) and beare an indifferent minde to iudge with modestie & not rashly to condemne me: let me not haue chaffe in steade of corne; that is skornes and mockes for good willes sake: but with a will receaue it well, & if thou well receaue it, my will shall not want to doe thee pleasure, at all times.

Farewell.

James Yatis.

The Authours Verdict of his
Booke.

T How little Booke, that thus presumes
to raunge in open view:
Thou shalt but get to me dispraise,
and busie heads renew,
To set these wylie wits aworke
some foolish faultes to finde:
We see it is the worldly course,
some thereto giue their minde.
I might haue kept thee still at home,
but friendes did me require,
To giue thee leaue to go abroad,
I graunted their desire.
And what by that now shall I get,
a mocke of some I knowe:
It is the state of worldly wightes
their floutes for to bestowe.
And as the Merchants mart for Coyne:
So Momus mockes far spight,
Whose Iolting toyes would be disnuld
of euerie honest wight.
Of truneth my Booke I do beleene
thou shalt not so goe free,
But that there will some doubtfull speach
be spread abroad of thee.
God send thee lucke and me no ill,
and so adewe, farewell:
But I presume that vnto me
thou something hast to tell.

The Booke to the Authour.

34

WHat verdict doe you giue of me
what wordes be these you vse?
What follies fond doe foster forth
these ill compacted newes :
Why, stay your selfe for to surmise,
the worit of me I pray ?
For none so ready faulte to finde,
as Bayard blind some say :
Whose faultes shall scanned be as thus
with wise men well I wot :
They will say, thou foole thou findst a fault
yet seekes to amend it not.
But this I say in your behalfe :
your youth and simple skill,
Cannot accomplish that you would,
although you haue good will.
But truly (Authour) doe not thinke
that I shall get thee blame :
For in good sooth to tell my minde,
thou not deseruist the same,
I knowe thy mind was bent to please
and none for to offend,
I knowe thou hadst a care to bring
me thus vnto an end.
I know thy friendes requested thee
that I abroad might goe :
I know full well as true it is
that trueth is very so.
I knowe it is not *Braveries* bragge,
to boast or vaunt of praise :
Or *Lucres* craft, for profittes gaine,
that thus me first did raise.

I knowe that he requested it,
who is thy very friend :
Which hath requited all this paines,
and will doe to the end.
Wherefore if worldlinges vainely iudge
as commonly they vse :
You must contented seeme to rest
 Sith so they will abuse.
And maruaile not if I be blamed,
when workes of greater skill,
Haue had such hatefull speeches giuen,
as trust me tis to ill.
But I shall so my selfe behaue,
and manner so my moode :
As none shall iudge amisse of me,
except be Robin Hood.
And if that none do iudge but he,
I doe not greatly care :
I shall him aunswere well enough
as time doth me prepare.
In meane *Time* humbly I end,
my selfe I doe commend,
Vnto all those that wish me well,
being loath them to offend.

FINIS.

Triall telles the Trueth.

The Chariot of Chastitie.

35

A Carefull Commendation thereof, written
at the request of a verie
Friend.



If all the happie giftes of God,
bestowed on mortall wightes,
Dame Chastnesse is a gift most rare.
wherein God most delightes.
For Chastitie doth purchase same,

And heauenly place above :
Where Angels sing in ioyfull wise,
as scripture plains doth prone.
All such as to their mates be true,
with faithfull heart intire :
Have place ordain'd in heauenly throne,
for to auoyde hell fire.
But if that truthlesse troth be tried,
vnseemely and vnmeete :
That is no Matrons life I trow,
ne wisdomes laze discrete.
Although blinde Cupid moue thy minde,
some pee with partes to play :
Dame Chastnesse if she be at hand,
will freight such vse alay.
Though Beawtie hath indued thee,
if Chastnesse stand aside :
That is but Beawtie to the troole,
Which can not long abide.
Yet Beawtie is a blazing baite,
to please each Amorous eye :
Whom Cupids knightes do oft frequent,
experience doth it try.
The which all Amored folke delights,
and causeth much debate,

Beawtie is
brittle.

THE CHARIOT

And forcibly furious fretting fumes,
 and deepe disdainefull hate.
 ¶ God when some behold and see
 the pleasures that abound,
 In such fond toys and culling trickes;
 they say they are vnfound:
 They are not for a Matrons moode,
 Lucretia did not vse.
 But firmly did her faith obserue,
 till life did her reue.
 ¶ What though that vile Tarquinius he,
 by force did her assay:
 She neuer loyed after ward;
 but sought her owne decay.
 Noth she, shall I remaine defiled,
 vnto my loyall loue?
 No sure, some way to end my dayes.
 I do intend to proue.
 I seele such painfull passions,
 which do bereaue my rest:
 As with this blade now in my hand,
 I meane to pearce my brest.
 ¶ Therefore this blade assurde,
 shall end my lothsome life:
 So shall I then be free from feare,
 and boyde of this my strife.
 And thus the Matron slewe her selfe,
 because she would not haue:
 A body for her spouse vnbasse,
 but brought it to the graue.
 Oh Virgins let this be a glasse,
 to shew you honest life:
 Remember how this Chastitie,
 did rest in her most rise.
 It is the greatest praise (perdy,)
 that any wight can get:

What will not
 deuillish De-
 sire attempt.

It adorneth sure your life so brane,
 as pearle on you were set.
 You shine in woorld like Christall cleare,
 your praise is rise in minde:
 You duly do deserue such fame,
 as is for you assign'd.
 You shew no wanton countenance,
 you tattle not at large:
 You hold no parte of Cupids farme:
 you do deny his charge.
 You leane to Chastnesse steadfastly,
 as Roocke and bulwarke strong:
 You spend the day in vertuous vse,
 as doth to her belong.
 For idle sportes decline from praise
 they hold no parte thereof:
 But cogingly do spend the Time,
 with many a girding scosse.
 And if they chaunce to catch one in,
 who will come of in gasses:
 They Care not so they may it haue,
 though he be put to shisses.
 Their conscience is large (God knowes)
 and handes are open still:
 For to receaue, what giuen is,
 such is their greedy will.
 Yet for all that they may be Chast,
 I do none here reprove:
 We knoweth all their secret thoughtes,
 that sittes in heauen aboue.
 There is none can hide their guile from him,
 hee knoweth all so well,
 As sure it passeth me to thinke,
 or eke my tongue to tell.
 I know for true as scripture saith,
 a chaste and vertuous life,

shall

OF CHASTITYE.

Shall flourish like the Olive tree,
 whose leanes are euer rise.
 She shall accepted be of those,
 that Treade her honest traces :
 And not disdayned but much in price,
 a certaine sure case.
 But wanton wilbonesse snuffes in nose,
 to see her giuen so :
 And often wisheth in her minde,
 her steppes to ouerthrowe.
 And Cupids knightes, do likewise this Darnie,
 because she not repaires,
 Into his Court, to be as one
 of not sufficed heires.
 And Venus frownes to see her so,
 high minded to a barre :
 And wisheth her to be vntrue,
 that breach might make a larre.
 Such is the counsell of that court,
 light wantonnesse of kinde,
 Inducing her to loue one or two
 that pleaseth most her minde.
 Pea three or foure are not enow,
 for some whose munde doth raunge,
 They haue no bloud within their Corps,
 to make them blush for chaunge.
 But constant Chastnesse simple standes,
 and shrowdes her heade for shame :
 She maruels much to see their mindes,
 so fired on that game.
 Oh what a thing it is to thinke,
 of twentie euilles price :
 That come of too much lauishnesse,
 disturbance, and vnrest.
 Pittie this case good Matrons grane,
 lend Aide it to disnall :

Helpe

Helpe, helpe, for trust me it is Time
such vices done to pull.
And if you knowe within your Towne
one person of that set,
Dame Chastnesse saith you should not leaue
vntill you out her get.
Oh vertuous Dame how is thy mind,
given vp to Constancie:
Alas how should I pen thy praise,
I know not well perdie.
But sooth to say, the flying Fame,
that is as swifte as winde,
hath bruted abroade sufficiently
of Chastnesse and her kinde.
One night Sir Morpheus did me leade,
and then vnto me shewed:
How Lucrese sate in heauen above
her seate was there bestowd.
And although she her life did end
in such a desperate wise:
Yet thou maist see she hath a roome,
aboue heere in the skies.
There saw I eke Zenobia
that Gracious Queene so Chaste:
Sitting aloft in heavenly Throne
which neuer eye shall wasse.
And Etifriga sometimes our Queene
in England heere did reigne,
I did behold her where she sate,
aske Morpheus if I seine.
A multitude of Matrons sure
was there as I did see:
Yet Morpheus tolde not me the names
but onely of these thre.
For why (quoth he) I do not mind
to tell thee any more:

THE CHARIOT

If thou canst learne their names thy selfe,
 then keepe them for thy store :
 And write of them as thou thinkest good,
 (but what should neede so much)
 So busily to take in hand,
 It would but get thee gruch.
 I answered him with words most milde,
 and seemely countenance sure :
 I thanke you that you would vouchsafe
 these three to put in vze.
 And when these wordes I spoken had,
 sir Morpheus did depart,
 And I awaked from my sleepe,
 and maruail'd in my heart,
 What twight he was, and how I came
 vnto those ioyfull sightes;
 To view the place and to behold
 these glozious heauenly twights:
 And now to tell the fall thereof
 that I in sleepe did see,
 I will assay with simple skil
 which resteth now in me.
 My thought I was thether by him led,
 since he is God of Dreames :
 Conuayed by him as I thought
 vnto the loftie heauens.
 Where I beheld most glozious Dames
 which shined like the Sunne :
 For by their Chaste and Vertuous life
 that heauenly place they wunne.
 There might I view the Angells face,
 there might I heare such songes:
 As did reioyce me very much,
 as right thereto belongs.
 There is no weeping any Time,
 but only myrth and ioy :

Morpheus de-
 parteth

Calbo

Who would not then liue Chaste to gaine,
a place boyde of annoy.

They shall behold our glorious God
sitting in heavenly seat :

Where shal be such ioyes as doe passa
my tongue for to reate.

There shal they liue a life for Aye
which neuer shall surcease :

Alas we liue heere mortally,
our life doth soone decrease.

We neede not boast, we are like grasse
which withereth with the sunne :

Alas how tickle is our life,
how soone hath death it woone.

Our life is fraile, our dayes no stay,
for vs to leane vnto :

Uncertaine is each thought we thinke,
or what we els can doe.

Well, if thou be espoused once,
and linck'd with wedlockes chaine :

Conuert thou not to others vse,
least hatefull be thy gaine.

For looke what order thou dost vse,
the same thou shalt embrace:

When as thou comest before that Iudge,
that Iudgeth each mans case.

Beware no wantonnesse be seene,
O mayden some so pray :

Liue as thou wouldst intend to liue
in life for lasting aye.

Love onely one in secret thought
as heart and onely deere :

So shall thy life be Chaste in deede,
this sentence is most cleere :

Pea cleere, most cleere, as cleere may be
which shineth like the sunne :

THE CHARIOT

Buted abroade by flying Fame
which neuer shall be done.

Beautie is but a blazing hayte,
in high respect of this :

Pet Beautie pleaseeth minde of men,
as certaine true it is.

Beautie is glorious in Attire,
accozding to her hue.

Alluring the eyes of men
vpon her soz to viezo.

Marke this I say you Cupids knights,
esteeming Beautie so,

That it may happen soz to hit
to bring you vnto two.

Was not strong Sampson (he) beguilde
when harlot clipt his hayze :

Was not the valiant Hercules
also ketcht in snare ?

Did not Poore Paris buy it deere
soz Hellina so fine :

When all the Troyans felt the smart
as Terroure did assigne.

Did there not rise Achilles wzath
vpon him silly man.

Which did conclude in bloody boyles
a wofull cause to skan.

Did not the vitious Sodomites
and Gomorians fee the smarte :

Because they had not grace to turne ;
and from sinne so conuert.

As preaching could them refozme
til fiery flames from hys :

Did downe descend, them so destroy
A ruthfull miserie.

What was the cause ? their fleshy liues,
their vile and vitious deedes :

Those which
more account
of beautie the
haue respect
to Chastitie,
are often re-
warded contra-
ry to their ex-
pectation.

They

They follow not Dame Chastnesse steppes,
Whom it yet onely feedes.

But if they had addicted beene
to chastnesse and good life,

They had not felt the furiose forces
of their deserved strife.

But they were giuen raptously,
to pleasure and to pride:

It is impossible well to liue,
where grace both want to guyde.

O Chastnesse thou the floure of grace,
the Impe of ioy so deere,

The Lanthorne light of life so pure,
wh ich shines like Christall cleere.

The proppe, the pillar and the stay,
which holdes vp honest life:

The hope of heauen the hay of ioy,
which euer shall be rise.

O God what Beneficialnesse,
by Chastnesse doth insue:

Such more then I with tongue can tell,
or pen can well renew.

O if I had Dame Pallas Ayde,
or Poets learned stile:

Yet trust me true I were too weake,
her praise for to compile.

Wherefore of Poets thus I craue,
such pardon to attaine:

Since that but skillesnesse doth leade
in verse to shew my baine.

For surely I not presume
in glorious title bzaue:

But from my heart denoyde of guile,
pardon of them I craue.

For to proceede as simple witt,
shall lend me simple skill:

THE CHARIOT

A base compa-
nion.

Where nothing wantes but learning she,
to aide my readie will.

The horse although his force be small,
yet if he haue desire,

Is worthe simply of great praise,
though he ly in the myze.

Euen so I must confesse to you,

I haue an earnest will:

To praise this worthe giste in deede
though simple be my skill,

Wishing I had beene learn'd in schoole,
among the learned sorte:

Then should I with lesse tediousnesse,
haue made this my reposte.

But truly I lament the losse,
of that I most desire,

Which to recouer by no meanes,

I can not well require.

But Lord it is a world to see,

how foslish fickle youth:

Accompts the schoole a purgatorie,

a place of paine and ruff.

And neuer are in quyet minde,

till absent thence they bee:

Youth onely mindeth playe and spozte,
apparently we see.

But when that Time hath brought our yeares

and some experience gayned:

Then they lament the losse of Time,

which once they so disdayned.

A lamentation made to late,

is lothsome to unest:

For to recraue the losse of Time,

is peniue to the best.

What meane I thus to spend my Time,
so fondly to recyte:

I se

I see tis want of learned loze,
 to guide me now aright.
 He thinks I heare one say to me,
 go too, go on, proceede:
 Of former matter to intreate.
 for this is more then neede.
 Praise thou Dame Chastnesse, as thou shouldest,
 Digresse not so aside:
 And to thy matter directly go,
 and in it do abide.
 Wherewith I blisht and said againe,
 oh Sir I pardon craue:
 Accuse me not for slipping so,
 my matter to depraue.
 But giue me leaue to ranage a while,
 by foolish fancies fraught:
 So shall you pleasure me no small,
 since that my wittes be naught.
 But since I did digresse so much,
 I ten times praise this Dame:
 Whose Chastitie and vertuous life,
 deserues eternall Fame.
 Her steppes are steady like the rocke,
 her fortreffe is so stronge:
 As no assault of Cupids Cruel,
 shalt enter in by wrong.
 And as the pleasant meades refresh,
 the flying foules in aire:
 So doth Dame Chastnesse comforte giue,
 to those that might dispaire.
 Which suffer many Derisious floutes and mokes,
 of wilde and vicious kinde:
 Yet sure the chaste and constant life,
 all sorrowes do vnbinde.
 A rich rewarde, by Due desert,
 to see such culling mates:

A supposition.

Answer

THE CHARIOTE

Be tinged about the towne in Cart,
 and pulled by the pates :
 When Chastnesse resteth like a Queene,
 In high Magnificence :
 With reuerence done of honest soyle,
 and scapeth such offence.
 As maketh them oft times asham'd,
 and shrinke their heades in hold :
 And chaunge in colours blacke and blew,
 as though they were acold :
 But Truth to say they are a colde,
 in this chaste honest loze :
 They are more hote in Venus flames,
 then honestie in stoze.
 Heusake, recant, relent with speede,
 least Time do come to late,
 I speake not to the honest Dames,
 but to the viciouse mate.
 For why, I neede no honest warne,
 then should I be too bold :
 And I were worthy to be blam'd,
 so much for to vnfolde.
 Oh wortheie wightes you spoyle your mindes,
 with sadde and sober sightes :
 Oh gloriouse Chastnesse how she shines,
 oh blest and happie wightes.
 O sacret Dame, by loue ordayn'd,
 to be in heauenly place :
 Where as no spot, of spotted life,
 thy seate shall once deface.
 But with a heauenly body thou,
 shalt there remaine for Aye :
 Where Angels sitte in seemely sight,
 which neuer shall decay.
 Why then who would not liue a life,
 as Chast, as Chast might bes :

For they shall haue as promise is,
 eternall blisse you see:
 Where contrariwise we purchase death,
 and flashing flames of fire:
 In Plutoes pit to spend our Time
 if grace we not require.
 There shall we see the brylling brande,
 and sendes of ugly hue:
 There shall we heare lamenting cries,
 with Torments that renewe.
 Upon such mates, whom Carnall Lust
 in life of fleshy will:
 They had not grace for to repent
 but did perseuer still.
 To greate confusion of their soules
 in euerlasting fire:
 Therefore Gods graunt we may be Chaste
 for to abyde his Ire,
 And that we treade Dame Chastnesse steps,
 and on her so repose:
 As we in end may purchase heauen
 when vitall life we lose.
 And there to rest in heauenly blisse
 and see our glorious God:
 Which hath authoritie vs to scourge
 for our offences od.
 The plagues of Cupid knights with paine,
 and Bacchus drunken mates:
 And such as giue their munde to lust
 in end with scourge he rates.
 But Chastitie he doth allowe
 as vertue excellent:
 Who so doth frequent the same
 shall neuer sure repent.
 O Chastitie how is thy seat
 ordained in heauenly throne,

THE CHARIOT

Assigned there by mighty Ioue,
 whereas there is no moane.
 For as Sainte Matthew doth discusse,
 a Chaste and honest mayde,
 Shoulde be content to welcome death
 and be no whit afraide.
 For why, saith he tis glozy greate,
 to dye a virgin pure:
 So shall they gaine a precious place
 which ever shall indure.
 Her name shall grauen be in gold,
 or els in Marble stone:
 Which shall be ertant to the wo:ld
 although that she be gone.
 Behold you Dames whose chastitie
 doth merrite well the same:
 And trust me, by your due Deserte,
 both winne you endlesse fame.
 You get renowne immortall sure,
 for Time withouten munde:
 You see as much as may be donne,
 or in that way assign'd.
 Wherefore keepe fast that key so rare
 the which no Smith can make:
 But onely he which on the crosse
 did buy it for your sake.
 Whose guiltlesse blood you know was shedde,
 though he did not offend:
 The cruell Iewes him to torment
 their malice did extend.
 O onely sweete and Saviour greate
 of all the wo:ld so wide:
 How didst thou suffer paine for vs,
 with speare thrust in thy side.
 And all was for our sinfull lues
 the which we followe still:

But

But Lord graunt that we may conuert
 and if it be thy will.
 And with a true and faithfull heart
 as Marie Magdalen she :
 Did her repent of sinfull life,
 euen so Lord graunt may we :
 And bring sweete oymments to thy seate,
 and looke thee in the face :
 And hope to rest with thee in blisse
 which neuer shall imbrace,
 But shall remaine tunc out of minde,
 as tructh both well relate :
 In place where as is nought but ioy,
 and at no time Debate.
 What say you to this, Dames so chaste,
 what say you to this netwes ?
 Liue chaste, liue chaste, and then be sure
 you liue without abuse.
 For chastnesse is much honoured
 in euery place with Fame :
 And Castnesse of each man hath praise
 as worthe of the same.
 But where as Beautie ryotously
 with fleshy will indewed :
 Dost not regard her chastite,
 marke then what is ensued.
 For Cupids knightes spying that bent,
 doe thether streight repayre :
 And thinke it is a match obtain'd
 by foolish speaking faire.
 And when that once they finde the haunts
 with entertainment good :
 Then say they still to spend their Time,
 in fleshy giddie mood.
 And vse such pvancks as please them best :
 too much for shame to write,

THE CHARIOT

No more then wisdome would permit
 should come vnto the light,
 It were but vaine to meddle much
 wth glasse in glorious sozte :
 It were but vaine to praise and prate
 wth make a bzaue repozte.
 It were but vaine to seeme to deale
 in place of great vnrest :
 It were but vaine to pinch the minds,
 and busie much the best.
 It were but vaine to goe beyond
 our owne knowlesedge and skill :
 It were but vaine to meddle where
 we shall but get vs ill.
 Therefore (my friends) sith I haue nowe
 performed as you see :
 That your request which long agoe
 you did make vnto me,
 In wyting of Dame Chastitie
 according as you will'd :
 Accept of it in friendly wise,
 your request is fulfill'd,
 Desiring you of this deuice
 to iudge with equall mind,
 At all times for to pleasure you,
 you ready me shall finde.
 Although in deede I simple am
 for to performe the same :
 Yet willingnesse of my true hearts
 shall cleere me from the blame.
 That finding wittes deusing still
 to moue debate and strife :
 He say no more, but God amend
 their lewd and wicked life.

The end of the Chariot of Chastitie.

**A Dialogue betwene Diana and Venus: De-
claring what can be alleaged of eyther
side for confutation.**

Venus

The gallant Ponthes with bold attempt,
my Darlings will defend :
Theile pzeace in place with glittering blade,
their blowes abroads to lend.

Diana

The modest Matrons then for me,
my honour will uphold :
By civile softe, and honest life,
which shines as bright as golde.

Venus

Thy life, nay, nay, tis not like mine,
I swarme in pleasure so :
As that no day doth passe my handes,
but new delightes I know.

Diana

Well, well, I force not for delightes,
of those thy Courtly traine :
I do defy such pleasures as,
in end do proue but vaine.

Venus

Oh, I am Lady of the world,
each one to me consentes :
They lust, they loue, to like my law,
I know tis their intentes.

Diana

Thy law is Transitorie sure,
but mine remains for Aye :
No discords doth arise by me,
all illnesse I do stay.

Venus

Venus and Diana.

Venus

Dost thou condemne me now of ill,
by flatte and open speech :
Declare and shew thy minde at full,
I hartely beseech.

Diana

Within your court I dayly biewe,
much ryot there aboach :
With odious othes to please your Impes,
and dallings that approach.

Venus

And your Impes are circumspect ,
they will not looke awaie :
Because you are a Goddesse Chaste,
no illnesse youle espye.

Diana

Do itnesse, yes I see too much,
I would it were not bled :
I pray to Ioue for to reforme,
the factes that are abused.

Venus

Abused, why, in what respect ?
you'l count my lust a vice :
Perchaunce you wil condemne my baite,
that yunkers do intice.

Diana

Condemne: yea, and eke desye,
I loth to see thy trade :
I spight thy state, I scorne thy ble,
that euer it was made.

Venus

To scorne my ble, it is but baine,
a figge for such a flurt :
Now guppe you honest Goddesse you,
you neuer do no hurt.

Diana

Diana

Well, well, no doubt the mightie God,
 that doth vs goddesses guyde:
 Will pay with paine: He say no more,
 no longer He abide.

Venus

To proue perswasions note with me
 you shall but lose your time:
 Farewell, adieu, be honest still,
 to Riotte I will cline.

Ditties deuised at sundrie idle times for

Recreation sake, written by

James Yatis.

*Dame Practise brings experience,
 Experience knowledge gaine:
 Dame Idelnesse hath ill conceiptes,
 And loues To take no paines.*

Idelnesse is cull.

A thankesgeuing vnto God for the happie,
 peaceable, and most gloriouse Reigne of our
 singuler Soueraigne and Ladie,
Queene Elizabeth.

With humble heartes and faithfull mundes,
 assemble all and pray,
 And sing high laude, vnto our God,
 whose goodnesse to display,

Our

Surmountes the sense of mortall heades
to glorifie the same :
With such desertes as rightly longes,
vnto his blessed name.
Oh England, ioy thou little Isle,
in prayers do not cease :
Both day and night giue laud to God,
for this thy happie peace,
Enioyed vnder Perelesse Prince,
Elizabeth thy Queene :
Whose quyet raigne declares that God,
his blessing would haue seene,
vpon her grace and eke her realme,
the which O Lord preserve :
With Seemely Cepter in her Throne,
thy Gospell to conserue.
From foraine foe, and faithlesse friends,
from all that mischiffe woorkes :
Lord breake the boode of Enuies wyles,
in secrecie that loozkes.
Lay open to her Princely viefwe,
all those that faithlesse be
In thought against her Maiestie,
Lord let her highnesse see.
We must confesse vnfaignedly,
we haue deseru'd thy ire :
We dayly lord, be prompt to sinne,
smale goodnesse we require.
Yet haue compassion on our land,
and do the same defend :
From those which vnder shew of friends,
their mallice do pretend,
vnto our Quene which raigned hath,
this thre and twentie yeares :
In peacable Tranquillitie,
as well to vs appeares.

God

God graunt Her highnesse Nestors yeeres
 ouer this Realme to Reaine,
 Amen, Amen, for Iesus sake,
 amen: we do not faine.

*God preserue With ioyfull life, our Graci-
 ous Queene Eliza-
 beth.*

In the Commendation of a Godly and
 Vertuous Matron.

As I alorne did walkie in fieldes,
 I heard a thundering voyce :
 Which did descend from loftie skyes
 whereat I stood in choyle,
 For to coniecture with my selfe
 what voyce should be the same :
 It answered me as I it heard,
 I am the sying same.
 Which farther said, take pen in hand
 and proue thy simple skill:
 To blaze abroad a Matrons life
 whose minde doth meane no ill.
 Her Vertuous life adozned is
 with Godly zeale and grace :
 Lucrese if she wers aloue
 she could it not deface.
 So day both passe this Matrons handes
 in any idle spozte:
 She to the Church to serue her God
 in due tyme doth resozte.
 If any wight shall purchase heauen
 for Godly life well spent :
 Fame told me that should be she,
 higg loue did so assent.

The truth
 tries it selfe &
 needes no co-
 mendation

And to conclude, if grasset of grace
dos growe in any wight
Then in the Hinde you may be holde
they shine with vertue bright.
Thus much as Fame commanded me
I haue heere put in vze:
With heartie prayers to the Lords
her life may long indure.

*Heauenly Happinesse is
Due to the
Hinde.*

In the Commendation o fa Dame,
Whose name is Elested with Fame.

I If skill did rest within my head,
or Poets cunning art:
Then would I pzoone to wozite her praise
agreeing to her parte.
But Ladies if you doe deride
and scozne a willing minde:
Dame wisedome both not teach you that,
but Momus mocking kinde.
For sooth the gallantst of you all,
that be of Dians flocke:
May seeme to let her haue a roome
without dispight or mocke.
For why? her fauour is as sweete,
her Beautie is as faire:
As any Dame in Dians Courte,
I rightly may compare.
Pea Chaste she liues I tell you true
in spite of Cupids ire:
A Vertuous praise she doth deserue
if duety may requirs,

For

30

Foelix was not moze faithfuller
vnto his friend in heart :
Then she is true vnto her make,
her vertue hath desert.
Which long the Lord preserve and keepe
with his defending hand :
From faithlesse friendes and fauning foes
whole trust doth truthlesse stand.

*Praise is a preferring of the party :
though needlesse.*

In the Prayse of a vertu-
ous Gentlewo-
man.

I f Vertue praise gaine by desert :
And constant stay, or faithfull minde :
Good Ladies let me in this part
Some thing Declare for faithfull kinde,
Let not my pen rebuked be,
Though simple skill doe rest in me.

But giue me leaue for to declare
And speake my minde without offence.
Such duettie I vnto her beare,
As trust me this is my petence :
To write some thing although I see,
Unablenesse which rests in mee.

A Lady I obey and serue
With heart and minde and onelie will :
Who hath done moze then I deserue,
For which I am her seruant still,
As wish her well since wealth is small,
And wishing is the most of all.

But if that wishin I could aduantage,
My wishing should not come behind :
But wishing is a tickle chaunce,
Although we wish yet want we finde.
Wherefoze to wish it is but vaine,
When as we wish and not attains.

If Courteous nature be on ground
It is in her I dare depsele :
Whole grafted Iimpes of grace are sounde,
As vertuous buddes at large disclose.
Whole fragrant life, like Woodbine flower
May seeme to decke a Matrons bowler.

I shall not neede to name her name :
But priuately in fostering brest :
I meane for to obserue the same
With former minde, and so I rest.
Whole life I wish, whole ioy I craue,
Till breath from corpes death both depaues.

In the praise of *Fennill* and
Woodbine.

I A garden braue, when as I vied and saw
Where euery herbe, that nature had bedeckt,
And euery flower so fresh and red as Haw :
I tooke in choise of which I should elect :
Yet could I none there finde that did me please,
So much as two, by whom I haue found ease.
And Fennill first for sight hath done me good,
Whose water still did ease my pricking eies,
Keu'd my heart & cheer'd my fainting blood,
And made me laugh whē head was full of crie.
What say you now, can you expulse my claue,
May I not praise : yes sir when I haue cause.

Yes

47
Yes sure this hearbe I like and like againe,
And if I had a garden as some haue,
I would much plant, and take therein greate paine,
To haue in store soz such as will it craue:
Yet some will say, that Fennill is to clatter:
They ouer reache, their tongues too much do clatter,

The Woodbine leafe, is good to ease the throte,
Of paine in mouth that comes by croddines in drinke:
I haue it tryed, I do not lye, soz rate:
Deeth thou the leaues in water as I thinke,
And wash thy mouth and thou shalt finde such ease,
As will no doubt the former paine appeale.

For these same two, I pray to God from hearte,
Their helmes may stand, in happie state and prime,
And boysterous windees may blotke from them apart,
Who do good, though fillily they clyme.
As helpe I finde, so helpe I ought to praise,
That helpe may helpe, when helpe shall neede alwaies.

Of a friende in prosperitie, and a foe
in aduersitie.

That morning which so braue doth shine
with Phebus glistering face:
Care darksome night approached is,
a shower doth it disgrace.
And yet Sir Phebus gallant beu
in morning did displaye:
Who seemd to promise by aspect,
to burnish out the day.
Euen so of double harted friendes
I rightly do compare:
Which shewe a pleasant face untill
his friend he caught in care:

And then as dimming of the Sunne,
 doth change the former hue:
 So doth a double faced friend,
 retorne againe a new,
 From faithfull friendship which as he,
 by promise should not do:
 But those that can dissemble Sir,
 they know what longs thereto,
 But while thou art in prosperouse state,
 and boyd of Fortunes lowre,
 Then will they seeme to be thy friendes,
 in pleasant wordes each holds,
 But when Aduersitie that wretch,
 hath caught thee in his snare:
 Their friendship is forgotten then,
 of thee they haue no care.
 Wherefore who teares a smiling face,
 may chance to be beguyle:
 And he that toucheth pitch they say,
 shall thus rewith be defile.

A persuation patiently to suffer
Affliction.

T O mortall twighes what praise more due,
 then patiently to beare:
 Such crosses and afflictions,
 as Time doth bring with care.
 For sure it is a happie thing,
 for those that can vphold,
 And Patiently to beare ill happes:
 that Fatall Fates vnfold.
 So shall they finde it best in end,
 as sequell iust doth try:
 And eke aduance their name with praise,
 Experience doth not lye.

End

But as so; such as seeme to care,
 for losse of worldly mucke.
 They are vn-ppie in that case,
 I pittie much that lucke.
 For truth to tell I may be bold,
 I know not which is best,
 That Patiently doth beare his losse,
 so; ought that I can see.
 But that he saith fy on this happe,
 the world doth frowne on me:
 I am not luckie vnto it,
 oh spitfull miserie.
 What mortall man can more be plagued,
 then haue such losses still:
 What sorrow comes by this despight,
 alas it is too ill.
 What braules do bzoile within my heade,
 what griping grines do nippe:
 What yerkes of worldly losse I feele,
 which smarteth like a lapppe.
 But worldlyng thou content thy selfe,
 remember Christ did take;
 A percing speare into his side,
 and all was for thy sake.
 And canst not thou prouoke thy moode,
 to beare a litle smart:
 And take thy crosse and follow Christ,
 to winne thee heauens Desert.
 And patiently with penitent minde,
 vnto the Lord to pray:
 That he would of his goodnesse greace,
 defend thee night and day.
 Therefore this my aduise I giue
 in sicknesse or in health:
 In losse of fame in losse of friends,
 or losse of worldly wealth.

O; losse of losse, that haplesly,
vnto thy state may fall;
In any losse lose not the Lord,
but on him still do call,
That it would please him thee to send,
in midst of hardest hap;
A merry heart to make his name,
and ioyfull hands to clappe.

How Time creeth and
destroyeth.

When Musings in my head
to cogitate of Time,
And I beholding then such things
as pleasant were in ymme,
And that the thing is come to passe,
which I nere thought should be:
Then straight waile to my selfe I saide,
behold now may ye see,
How Time hath wrought, by Traft oft haue
such things as to the how,
Did seeme unlikely for to be,
as verie well I know,
For there are some of low degree,
and Progenie but base:
Are now come by and set aloft,
did not Time do this case:
Yes surely belue me now,
for Time can mountaines mone:
And Time doth worke much things that seeme,
unlikely for to proue.
Within my time I haue oft seeme,
great things and many strange:
And dayly do still more and more,
as Time doth worke a thaunge.

For Time will soften sinne so hard,
 by Time some doe aspyre,
 To winne the thing to please the minde,
 and get their heartes desire.
 And if their hearts Desire be got,
 thanke hap and Time therefore:
 If these same two doe faile our friends,
 our purpose Gets no more.
 As Time hath brought many full lewe
 that were full high in hap:
 So Time diffused hath their state,
 that Fortune did beuowap.
 She altered hath most Famous things
 that some set vp for Fanie:
 And did not thinke of Time I thinke
 when they began the same,
 But thought it should remaine for aye
 and Time could not deface:
 Such Monuments as they set vp
 to get a goodly grace.
 But sooth to tell, Time with her Time
 can euerie thing bestowe:
 And those that are so high aloft
 she can bring downe full lowe.

Time is Tickle.

Of a smiling Countenance beguil-
 ding the worlde.

A Goodly house that seemeth brane
 and pleasant to the sight,
 With walles set out in goodly soyme
 and windowes trimme of light,
 May chance within for to haue
 a cracke which is vnseene,

A

And

A Parasitros
parte.

And yet the world knowes not so much
no; workman as I weene.
Euen so forsooth such flearing mates
that shew a smiling face :
I may compare them as before,
for why? marke well this case.
Thou seest them laugh and smile on thee,
but what doth rest in heart :
A moche of talvine behind thy backe,
I know some playe that part.
And yet theile looke so faithfully
and seeme so true to thee,
And proffer out such sugred wordes
and shew such courtellie,
I meane in this, by speaking faire,
but not in deedes Perdie;
Wherefore take heede trust not their shew
there may be Treacherie.
An Apple seeming braue to vieto,
may faultie be within :
And Pewterers may play thee false,
by putting leade in Tin.
And he that wrytes, may place A. H;
where as A. G. should stue :
But Truth to tell A. F. were best,
for some doe it deserue.
And vnder fresh and fragrant Rose
may lye a lothsome Toad;
For to infect that flowre braue
by hauing there abroad.
Wherefore I count them happy sure
that doe not trust the vse :
Of Fickle flattering flearing friendes,
in them doth rest abuse.
Let these examles put before
suffice to shewe the kinde,

Of T ruthlesse troth, which readie is
in each deceiptfull mind.

No Foe to a Flatterer.

When as occasion moueth,
To answere it behoueth.

When vrgent cause doth moue,
Who can withhold his hand :
The Womane when she is troden on
doth seeme for to withstand.
The Owle of blye hie,
doth thinke her birches are best :
The miser pincheth at his least,
although he bids his ghest.
The windes that rise in skyes
doe threaten surges sore :
And tatling tales doe moue Debate
where none was ment before.
The valiant Champion Stoute,
which hath a Victors minde :
Doth thinke ther's none so good as he,
vntill by ppoofe he find.
The fop and fauning foole
doth like his bable so :
As for the Tower of great price,
he will not let it goe.
The Scholler younge in schoole,
may proue a learned Clarke :
The whelp by Natures kinde we les
is giuen for to barke.
The Scholler though but young
hath wrote this verse to those,
Which pleaseth for to answere him
in Meeter or in prose.

An old saying:
The foole will
not leaue his
Bable for the
Tower of L^o
don.

If one shoulde
throwe a stone
at every Curre
that barks, his
Arme must
needes be wea-
ry.

But trueth so; to vnfold,
Some loue to prattle much :
And finde thre faultes, yet mend not one,
yea Mistrelles oft be such.
At every dog which barks,
if one should throw a stone :
Perchance in end he would haue wight
to let such Curs alone.

Hard hap causeth sorrowe,
and breedeth disrest :
Where griefe is not absent
notes solemne are best.

Like as the Carren Crowe
doth crie against the raine :
So I which doe foresee my griefe
begin for to complaine.
Or as the snared Hare,
lyes tumbling in the net :
So I lye tumbling in my woe,
which I cannot forget.
For why, no noysome nettes
doth glad the heart of man :
But doth reuoke his pleasures all
on sorrowes so; to skan.
I see how spitefull Care
doth looke out of her bowze :
And Fortune with her smiling face
beginneth so; to looze.
The mistie cloudes of griefe
doe dimme my clearest sight :
And haplesse hap doth take the place
to worke my deepe despyght.

The

The sweete and pleasant sences,
 which I was wont to taste :
 Be cleane dismiss and put away,
 my pleasures all do wast.
 The fine and flagrant smells,
 which did me recreate :
 Be noysome saouours vnto me,
 and worke me much Debate.
 Sir Phebus glistering hue,
 seemes nothing in my eyes :
 For why, I weepe and spend the day,
 with sorrowing sobbes and cryes.
 No maruaile though I wyte,
 with pensine pen in hand :
 No maruaile though I waile in deede,
 when things be rightly stand.
 And marke now which be they,
 that do oppresse me most :
 Deride me not, though plaine I tell,
 you heades of finest cost.
 So thus I do beginne,
 they are in number thre:
 The first of them, is losse of friendes,
 the next discourtesie.
 The thirde is not beloue,
 the spitfullest of all :
 Which grieues me more then former tlos,
 and bitter seemes as gall.
 But well, what remedie,
 Plaine patience is the best :
 For why by her, we dayly see,
 is got most quyet rest.
 What both it boote the shippe,
 to saile against the winde:
 She must abide, for Time and Tide,
 els tarrie still behinde.

Wels perchance the dyinkes,
for enterprife so bolde :
And layes her ribbes in foaming seas,
of waters warme and colde.
What doth it eft preuaile,
to strue to reach the skye ?
In my conceipte, it were but vaine,
least some for it do crye.
What though that sampling wordes,
hath led me on the bit ?
Some fro ward speech shall loose the bond,
if luckie chaunce so hit.
A Prouerbe long a go,
tels Faire wordes makes fooles faine;
Which Sentence tries it selfe in me,
the mo: hath beene my paine.
I stand to trye my Chaunce,
as Fortune will allotte;
Wo see if that she white thee rede,
or dimme it with a blot.
And if she be so kinde,
to take the blot away :
When will I sing, some ioyfull songs,
in praise of that good day.
But if that it be so,
the blot do still remaine :
What remedie but Patience she,
must medicine bee for paine :
But if that spite will spitte,
her spite in furiose wise:
Let all the spites do what they will,
or what they can surmise.
For by my Troth I am,
as the condemned wight :
Which thinks his lie is past releafe,
and voyde is of delight.

So I am boyde of ioy,
 yet laugh I with the best:
 And smile it out in pleasant hue,
 as well as do the rest.
 But what of that, I know
 ther's many a smiling face:
 Beares heauie heart, in Carefull Corpes,
 which causeth their disgrace.

*Some laugh outwardly,
 Yet sorow inwardly.*

A Glasse for Amorous Maydens to looke
 in, friendly framed as a caueat for a light
 beleeuing Mayden: which she may take
*as a requisite rebuke, if she modestly me-
 ditate the matter.*

Fo Mayden fy, that Cupids flames,
 within you so abounde:

Do trust the tatling tales of some,
 whose wordes proue oft vnsonde?

Should euery knaue intice you so,
 to talke with you at will?

What be your wittes so simple now,
 and of such litle skill?

As you can not discern in minde,
 who leades you on the bit?

Fy, fy for shame, now leaue it off
 it is a thing vnfit.

I promise you it grines me sure,
 because I am your friend:

That euery Iacke should talke with you,
 and it is to no end.

But so; to seele and grape your minde,
 and then they laugh in snee:

Let Iacke be a
 Iacke I pray
 you.

And

Good counsell
would not be
refused.

And say it is a gentle maide,
how she will men beleue.
Thus do the knaues so cogge and soyft,
and count you as a foole :
And say your wittes they be so base,
as you may go to schoole .
Wherefore loue no such flatering Iackes,
and giue to them no eare :
And thinke this lesson to be true,
which I haue wrytten here.
For well in Time you shall it finde,
to breede in you vnrrest :
Wherefore to leaue it of at first,
I thinke it were the best.
Giue not your mind to be intic'd,
to heare each tatling tale,
Where constant heades do not abide,
what Hope doth there auaille :
You will not warned be I see,
vntill you haue a nippe :
You know the horse which dwelles in cart,
is euer nye the whippe.
But when too late, you do repent,
repentance will not serue :
Wherefore to resee, in time I warne,
from follie fond to serue.
Take heed I say in time therefore,
so shall your state be blest :
And I shall cease, to write so much,
my pen shall take his rest.

A praise of friendshippe.

Of all the Iuels vnder heaue,
firme friendshippe is the best :
Oh happy man, that findes the same,
yea twise and double blest.

A truskie

A trustie friend is harde to finde
 as Sages old doe tell :
 But flattering friendes attend at hand
 some profit out to snell.
 And when for greedinesse of gaine
 his friend he doth forsake :
 That friendship is not faithfull first,
 but as the lurking Snake
 Lies hidden vp in leaues so greene,
 to sting a man vnwares :
 Euen so a fauning friend is found
 to leaue a man in cares.
 But faithfull friendship saith to him
 thou dost declare thy kinde :
 Thou shew'st thy nature and thy moods,
 and eke thy truthles minde.
 A faithfull friendship, high in hap
 thou dost no time Dissemble;
 Thou swaruest not in time of neede,
 though foes coulde make thee tremble.
 Thou standest like a steadie rocke,
 though friend be link'd in chaines :
 And if thou maist expulse his thralles
 thou think'st it happy paines.
 And to redresse him of his greues,
 and libertie to get :
 Such is thy faith and constancie
 as charge no time can let.
 Such is a faithfull friend indeeds,
 but for a friend by shewes :
 He is a friend but flatteringly
 as well his conscience knowes.
 A faithfull friend is neuer tried
 till one be neare the bynke :
 And that his friend is like to fall,
 and if he then doe thinke :

D

That

That friend will beare the name no more
of faithfull friend I say :
But counted as a fleeting friend
wherein there is no stay.
There are many kindes of friends god knows,
more then I can well name :
There are friends in words and not in deedes,
and friendes that faile with shame.
And friendes by former promise true
till stone is roulde on necke :
And then Godboy, they cannot stay,
but feede thee with a becke.
Such is the friendship of this world :
O worde a faithfull friend,
Is rare to finde, and daintie sure
to haue vnto the end.
For faithfull friendes were neuer more
in scarcitie then now :
For neuer harder for to finde,
to God I make a vow.
For I my selfe not long a goe,
by raunging wise did trie,
What seedes were sowne in friendships ground,
and where the chaffe did lye.
And as the triall telles the trueth,
even so I haue founde out :
To settle thinges within my thought,
which I tofore did doubt.
For why? that friend that laughes on thee
is not a friend in heart :
But outwardly he seemes thy friend
and inwardly thy smarte.
And suckes thee as the lurking Drone
which doth beguile the Bee :
So he lyes lurking in his den
some spite to worke to thee.

And

And yet with fauning smiling lookes,
 he laughes vpon thee so :
 Doe bleare thy eyes, as who should say
 he cannot be thy foe.
 But trust him not for his faire lookes,
 ne for his glosing baine :
 But vtterly detest such mates,
 as flatter, fleare, andaine.
 The greatest hap that God doth send,
 is faithfull friendes to haue :
 Whose constant stay doth not decline,
 till vitall breath depaue.
 Alas some kinde of friendes I knowe,
 when state impouerisht soze :
 Doe scoznesfully looke of that hap,
 and knowe their friendes no more.
 But faithfull friendship doth not vfe
 to fleete and fall away :
 He saith I am a faithfull friend,
 and so I meane to stay.
 He doth not say it so in wordes,
 but deedes approue it true :
 A faithfull friend is faithfull still,
 as we may dayly vew.
 Whether soe of faithfull friendship heere,
 this little Epigram :
 By vrgent cause did moue my minde,
 and so it hether came.
 And as of it in skillese wise
 I some thing here haue saide :
 So of iust Dealing and Constancie,
 shal somewhat be displaied.
 As I doe hope no grudging minde
 shall murmure at the same :
 But if they doe, the faults not mine,
 for thole that haunt that game,

Constantly leaue, although they know
they offer open wrong :
Well what of that, the time shall trie
their trustie truth ere long.
But this I say, who so doth finde
a friend that is a friend :
Then vse him so as thou maist haue
his friendship to the end.

A Prayse of Iust Dea-
ling.

To live in woꝝde and not deale iust,
a heynous faulte it is :
A crime which God doth not allowe
to come in seate of blisse.
For why? to liue Deceiptfully
is lothsome in the sight,
Of sacred God that on high
a Iudge of, Prudent might.
Be iust in all thy dealings sure,
so shalt thou purchase Fame :
And win the praise of euery wight,
as worthie is the same.
For dealing iust doth carry laude
in thought of honest minde :
And lauding iust wilbe allowed,
as truth hath it assign'd.
Preace not among Deceiptfull mates
thy honest name to loose :
Be leape thou yet in dangerous place
least thou thy selfe dost broose.
But leape vpriight, and swaue thou not
ne leane no more then iust :
For if thou wrongfully be spied
deceiptfully to thy iust :

Then

Then shalt thou loose thy credit quite
 not comming in the place :
 Where as iust dealing both abide,
 but rooted out of race.
 In dealing iust thy doings shall
 so prosper and uphold :
 As all the world will lende thee praise,
 on it thou maist be holde.
 And God will blesse thee in the same,
 and furtherance thee send :
 For who so iustly seemes to deale,
 both neuer God offend.
 For why, the iust and honest man,
 his handes are clasped still :
 He takes no bybes for to make good,
 a matter which is ill.
 He saith, if bybes that I should take,
 I do not then deale iust :
 I do offend my maker sore,
 of truth confesse I must.
 I shall be call'd vnto accounte,
 before the liuing God :
 Who dealeth as we giue desert,
 his dealing is not odde.
 And if I wretch haue not dealt iust,
 what answers shall I make :
 Oh how can I excuse my selfe,
 but fault vpon me take.
 Thus saith the iust and honest man,
 thus pondereth he in mind :
 Thus must it be and thus it is,
 so God hath it assign'd.
 And since by him commaundment is,
 no lucar for to take :
 My handes they shall be clasped so,
 vniust life none to make.

I came not of a scrupulouse kinde,
lo thus iust dealing sayes:
Although that I derided be,
of those that vse that wayes.
I do defy them with my hearte,
they shall not lodge with me :
But be accounted as they are;
for ought that I can see.
The righteouse man doth them exclude,
and puttes them out of minde :
He doth eschewe their company,
he forceth not their kinde.
He saith I am as ill as they,
if I vphold their state :
Wherefore with willing heart I sweare,
O Lord I them do hate.
God let me neuer lue (saith he,)
vniustly for to deale :
But graunt me grace for iustnesse I
may vnto thee appeale.
And when I shall yelde vp my life,
a iust account to make :
How that with iustice I haue dealt
all byberie to forsake.
For doubt we not, our heavenly God
hath mercy still in store :
And hath aboundance to supply,
our want though it were more.
But God forbide we should presume,
vpon fond hope in vaine:
It is the way to purchase hell,
remission none to gaue.
For he that sinneth still in hope,
offendes the holy ghost :
And he that doth offend that God,
shall vengeance seele with most.

For why the sinne against that God,
 as Scripture doth declares :
 Is more offence then the rest :
 So Paul doth witnesse beare.
 Wherefore God graunt we not offend,
 in no respect with will :
 But with a hearte vnfeignedly
 aske pardon for it still.
 And craue of God, with faithfull hearte,
 his mercy may vs guyde :
 That when our life shall yelde to death,
 we may with him abide.
 And there to laude thy name with praise,
 which euer shall endure :
 Graunt this O Lord for Christ his sake,
 whose blood made vs all pure.

A praise of Constantie

The constant twight which doth possesse,
 that heauenly gift so rare :
 Is happie sure and blest of God,
 to haue it to his share.
 For constancie is such a gift,
 as doth surmount the rest :
 And much commended for the kinde,
 of rarenesse in the best.
 To haue a fickle minde you know,
 it maketh oft Debate :

And

And causeth much Contentious tricks,
 which Constancie doth hate
 Wherefore I count him happie sure,
 that doth that gift embrace:
 He is much bound to thanke the Lord,
 for that his happie case.
 For Constancie is such a gift,
 as sure it doth excell:
 All Ryotous tricks and wanton toys
 Constancie doth expell.
 For why such braggers as do runne.
 upon their giddie will:
 Are in the end suffyc'd with paine,
 and haue on it their fill.
 And peraduenture with they woulde,
 their minde had Constant beene:
 And not so rashly for to raunge,
 in their deuises thinne.
 For Rashnesse doth no whit preuaile,
 when raging windes do b ve:
 The safest way to guyde thy ppe.
 is saile to beare a lowe.
 Experience tells and makes a prooue
 you see the sillie snail:
 By stealing steppes will get alofte,
 and doth to toppe preuaile.
 When Rashnesse lyeth vnder foote,
 and cryeth O my bones:
 And doth repent him of his hast,
 with grypping greuous grones.
 I may well say if that he had,
 with Constancie him prest:
 When Rashnesse had not caus'd his hurt,
 to breede his greate vnrrest.

For Rashnesse is not Constancie
 but giddinesse of braine :
 And misseth staying of his tide
 and furthers sooth his paine :
 And heapeth more mishaps on head
 then pleasures doe abounde :
 That getteth giddie braines (I say)
 by Rashnesse so vnsounde.
 To be a Constant friend is rare:
 a Constant louer true ,
 Deserueth praise amonge the best
 and worthe is in viewe.
 In euery thing to vse this Dame
 me thinkes is passing sure :
 And those that doe not her inuest
 haue not a life so pure ,
 As I would wish (of God) they had
 or eke I had my selfe :
 For trust me true, the vaine of it
 cannot be bought with pelfe.
 But God must be the giuer (he)
 of such a gifte so hye :
 As passeth captious head of man,
 in heauens it doth lye,
 And when with earnest zeale we pray,
 God doth vs not reiect :
 But vndes his heauenly cares to heare,
 and hath of vs respect.
 Oh heauenly wightes that doe embrace
 this heauenly gifte alway :
 So Rash aduice doth passe your handes,
 all illnesse you doe stay.
 But with a mild and modest minde
 you foster euery doubt :
 And take those chaunces well in worth
 which time doth bring about.

What wished hap can better be,
 or what can please you moze?
 But for to wish and haue at will,
 where plentie is in store.
 This plenteous place, that I doe meane,
 is vp above in skie;
 It restes in soate inuisible,
 yea frustrate from the eye.
 Yet not so harde for to attaine
 if deedes according be:
 A life well led in Godly feare,
 both winne that place we see.
 If Anchor hold, and Cable strong,
 be fastned on with faith:
 That Hould shall not relent the Hould,
 as holy Scripture saith.
 Wherefore if Constancie be plac'd
 within thy brest so pure:
 Give laude to God whose heauenlie giftes
 for ever shall indure.

A presumptuous Poesie for Ponti-
 ficall pates.

L Visifer was once an Angell bright,
 And had his roome alofte in starry skie:
 But hawt Disdaine, did put him thence to flight,
 Thrown downe he was as truth doth testify.
 And from an Angell a Deuill now is he:
 Captaine of Hell, and euer moze shall be.

Which vnder him hath a cursed crabbed crew,
 For to torment all such whose due Desert:
 Hath gain'd the same most ugly things to view,
 And hath delite to pay their paines with smart.
 The Proud (so vaine) is hated for that vice:
 A Deadly Sinne disdained of the wise.

Medusa

Medusa she, preferred so her Pate,
 Prodigally with Golden lace to binde
 Her hayze on heab: but marke the finall Fate.
 As she had wreathed y same in curious kinde:
 Euen so the Snakes did winde about her head,
 Tormenting her vntill that she was dead.

A right rewarde foꝛ such a pꝛoude Pretence.
 Oh due Desert, rewarded very well,
 Oh Peeuish pride, thou art of much offence,
 Thy Guerdon abydes in howling hel,
 Where Lucifer chiefe generall of the band,
 Is readie there to shake thee by the hand.

High loue no doubt will not abide the vaine
 Of vaunting heades that gloꝛy without cause:
 Which inwardly doe seeme foꝛ to Disdaine
 Each simple soule. But stay a while and pause,
 Behold their end, and tell me how they speede,
 And you shall see their good successe in deede.

Written vpon the departure
 of Care,

As Cruell Care
 Weare doth away,
 And pinching paines
 Refrains their place,
 And inward woes
 Crovves to decay:
 So mytch we finde
 Spinde to solace.

The quiet life
 Strife doth retrain.

P 2 **When**

Of Froward Fate
Hate to procure.
Thy moode and mind
Shall that state:
Doubtes will appease,
Case to endure.

Care is costly.

Written vpon Chaunce.

Some Times a chaunce doth chaunce,
by chaunce to please the minde :
Some times againe, a chaunce doth chaunce,
that no such chaunce we finde.
If luckely there chaunce
a chaunce to thy delight:
Then I am sure that such a chaunce,
is ioyfull in thy sight.
If contrarie wise a chaunce,
do chaunce to bringe thee smart:
Then I am sure that such a chaunce,
is dolefull to thy heart.
Yet must we be content,
as well in chaunce of care :
As we are pleased in chaunce of mirth,
or chaunce that brings no feare.
For chaunces haue their chaunce,
like chaunces as they be :
And chaunce wil chaunce as chaunce doth please,
and so much chaunce for me.
Who seemes to well with chaunce,
may chaunce for to repent :
That chaunce hath so unkindly chaunc'd.
to chaunce to his lament.
Then is it best Perchaunce,
to be content with chaunce :

Whether it doth Decrease thy state,
or do thy state aduance.
And fith of chaunce there is
such chaunce of tickle state :
In modest soyle receaue thy chaunce,
as well of mirth as hate.
For trust me touching chaunce,
it chaunceth now a dayes :
That such as gape for chaunce of Laude,
they chaunce vpon Dispraise.

It is a difficult matter to
please many .

How should a man his blage frame?
to please each kinde of twight,
The froward and the fickle friend,
I see he takes delight.
In ouerthwarting of the vse,
of those he doth not loue :
For where Affection is not firme,
what will not mallice moue.
Let one endeavour what he can,
to satisfie their vaine :
Yet shall he haue behinde his backe,
some speech to his disvaire.
The more a man is mou'd to shew,
some fauour for his friend :
The more he seemeth to be quoy,
and sayleth in the end.
What hap more heard then sue and serue,
and yet to want good will :
What paine more pinching to the minde,
then wronged, yet doth no ill.
What greefe more greates then secretlie,
to be exclam'd vpon :

What

What hell moze hatefull then vntrusty
where faithfullnesse is gone.
What folly moze then feare and faune,
yet altogether sayning :
What Deede moze Deuillish then Dispight,
and alwayes still Disdaining.
From such as so frequent the same,
the Lord my friend defend :
And eke conuert the fond intent,
of those that doe offend.

Yatis his song written presently after his
comming from London.

Why should I laugh without a cause?
Why should I so long time pause?
My hatefull happes so; to declare,
With Cruell causes breeds my Care,
And Deuillish Disdaine within my brest,
Spoileth me with greates vnrest?
Agree I must to Froward Fate
And be content with this my state :
Hoping in end all may be well,
For Prouerbes old thus doth vs tell.

The Rolling Stone, doth get no mosse :
The raunger much doth nought but tosse,
In places fit for madding mundes,
Till youthfull yeares the folly findes.
But when that Age doth call them backe,
And youthfull trickes do finde the lacke :
Then do we thinke our youth ill spent,
Which in our Age we do repent.
But such is youth, and youthfull toyes,
To follow fickle foolish toyes.

How

How Fortune turnes, we neede not Muse,
For dayly we may see in vs,
How some are in great fauours cast,
Yet in the end are out at last.
And small account of them is made;
Such is the guyle of Fortunes trade:
To place aloft, and to bring low,
Euen as her fauour seemes to grow.
For who so markes shall see in deed,
Fortune to faile when most they neede.

Content is best to please the minde
By seeking yet some men do finde.
By crouching low, to hy estates,
Is good for to auoyd their hates:
But he that hath so stubbozne heart,
As wilfull will, will not conuert:
He is not wise in my conceipt,
So much to stand in foolish sleight.
The bowing knee withstandes the blast,
When stubbozne oake is ouercast.

If in this world we meane to liue,
Such courteouse speach then we must giue,
As we may winne the heartes of those,
Which otherwise would be our foes.
For smyling lookes do not auaille,
When friendship fauour seemes to quaille.
The want whereof, doth vs molest,
With pinching pangues in priuate brest.
Yet from our hearte let vs require,
We may haue patience in our ire.

To pleasure such as we are bound,
That vnto them our heartes be sounde.
And that no fayned speach be heard,

Least

Least all our doings so be mard.
 For smiling lookes and holloſw hearts,
 Be often times the cauſe of ſmarts.
 But we muſt needs commend of Right,
 All ſuch as in the trueth delight.
 And ſay from heart and ſo conſent,
 It is a heauen to be content.

Of wayling, and not preuailing.

I Wayling,
 Yet not preuailing.
 In ſorrow ſaying,
 alas, I mourne :
 Such is the ſpight
 To dimme delight
 In me poore wight,
 almoſt ſorrowne.

But God of grace
 Graunt me ſolace
 Within ſhort ſpace,
 to eaſe my griefe :
 And ſend releaſe
 Where woes increaſe,
 I cannot ceaſe
 to craue reliefe.

For if the heart
 Feeles inward ſmart
 Without Deſert
 Death it deſires :
 The griefe of minde
 Much woe doth finde
 Their life reſign'd,
 So ſome requires.

A

A

A Sonnet declaring what unfortunate chaunces doe happen by trusting to the slipperie stone.

I Clim'd aloft and thought not of my fall,
For slipperie stone alas did me beguilde:
I fell so harde vpon the hardye hall,
As breath from Corpes was almost cleane exilde.
Lo, what it is to yeeld to wanton will,
Whose want of witt to sorrow proues at last:
Who would aspire may wish he had late still,
And so auoyde perchance an ouer cast:
Yet youthfull toyes of giddy youth are such,
Not so to care vntill the present time:
That grieve they feele, and then lament they much,
That fondly they so rashly seem'd to chime:
Wherefore the meane, who so obserues in best,
Shall surely see he winnes a quiet rest.

A Sonnet of a slanderous tongue.

O ffall the plagues that raine on mortall wightes,
Yet is there none like to a slanderous tongue:
Which brings Debate, and fills each heart with spights,
And Enemy is, as well to old as young.
In my conceipt they doe more hurte I sweare
Then stinking Toads that lothsome are to sight:
For why? such tongues cannot conceale and beare,
But utter forth that which woakes most Despire.
They do more hurt, then casting Pooles in meads,
Which doe turne vp the blacke earth on the Greene:
Their poysoned speach both serue in little neede,
They practise spite, as dayly it is seene.
O Lorde I pray from singlenesse of heart,
Such slanderous tongues; refozue, and eke conuert.

Writ-

Written at the Request of E. L.
Vnto F. S. which he had
Selected for his
Mistresse.

If I a Poet were, or that vaine I could finde,
I would declare some part of simple skill:
To shewe abroad the lowly courteous kinde,
Which seemes to be within my Mistresse will.
Accepting so my seruice in good part,
Although as yet it is not my Desert.

But lo, as Time I say, each thing doth trie,
Euen so shall Time declare I will not swerie:
But alwaies will my seruice so applie,
As that I may your fauour still deserue,
Which is the thing I chiefly doe Desire,
No worldly wealth at your handes I require.

And as you finde my seruice to be true:
So I doe trust your fauour shall remaine,
Which taketh ioy your presence for to vie to,
And glad if I through Dilligence may gaine
The louing countenance of your friendly face,
Which glads my minde, and yeeldes my heart solace.

You courteously did yeelde to my request,
And gaue me leaue you Mistresse for to call:
Which thing to praise, my pen shall doe his best,
Although my skill vnable be, and small.
But Ladies all, a praise you may assigne,
Pea and gree place vnto this Mistresse mine.

And if you be desirous for to knowe
My Mistresse name, or eke Sir what she is:
Her Christian name begins with F. (I trowe,

Her surname. S. o zels I am amisse.
But I will sweare and vowe Permafoy,
She is as faire, as was Hellina of Troy.

Alas my pen vnable is to write
The vertues all that seeme in her to be.
Oh mighty loue which yeeldest heauenly light,
Graunt her long tyme her happy daies to see.
And though my verse be not fram'd as the best,
Yet I am hers, and so I meane to rest.

Still and will:
Till death me kill.

The Carefull Complainte of a Dolo-
rous Dame,

Y Du Virgins pure of hearte, come mourne in doleful wise,
Helpe me to sing this heauie song, let plaints ascēd hies,
Oh pittie you my hap, that now doth liue in thrall,
Who erst tofore was boyde of it & plai'd with pleasures ball,
But those which once were well, and could not thereof see,
Must taste some sorow for their myght, and so it is with me.

The fall of stately Troy, did not so much men greeue,
As doth the fall of my good hap in thraldome now to liue.
For yet the Etna hils burnes not moze woyle with fire:
Then I doe burne in flames of feare, yet boyde of my Desire.
Wherefore Oh waile with me, Oh waile you worthy Dames,
Desire of God I may haue helpe to quench my fretting flames.

Oh if I had the skill of Dedalus his art,
With winges I would deuise to fly to boyde me of this smart.
Or if that I could rule, as Iuno (Goddesse she:)
Then would I make them feeble of grieve, that so agreeueth me.
But

But since it may not bee, I waste my life in teares,
With soking sighes I spend the day, and so my life it wastes.

If pittie planted were, within his cruel brest, (rest.
Then he might soone redresse my grieues and yeeld me quyet
He cancell can my cares, he can inforce my ioye, (Anoy,
He may surcease all these my wronges which breeds my great
But where as Boysterous Winds, do beare such force & sway
It is in vaine to hope your saile least that the shippe decay.

You know the sayling shippe must carry winde and tide,
She can not saile, why then no doubt of force she must abide:
So I that would faine go, do want a right release,
Wherefore I see I must abide though sorowes do increase.
My ioyes they bade away, and wither doth my will,
The greenesse of my yong delightes, is seare with inward ill.

Well, well, what remedie, sith chaunces so do fall,
But Patiently them for to beare, and be content withall.
Yet still I hope the best, though present helpe I want,
For why: it restes in Ioue his power some pleasure for to plant
Within my boosled brest, that almost is consum'd,
With greedie griefe, and cruell care, that hath me so persum'd.

Care is costly.

An Epitaph vpon the death of Master Poolies
wife of Badly.

Y Du Dames leaue off your bootlesse teares,
Whose vaine complaintes can do no good;
Since cruell Death hath forc'd your feares,
And stroken such a noble blond.
And though you waile and weepe your fill,
Yet you can not reuiue your will.

For if high Ioue doth so permit,
That Dreedfull Death shall strike with dart,

It is in vaine to mourne for it,
Sith he can ioy, and he can smart:
He can graunt life, he can graunt death,
He can bereaue each Prince of breath.

She was sister
vnto my Lady
Wentworth.

This worthy Matron wrapt in clay,
Was wife to Master Pooley she:
Whose noble race for to display,
My witte binable is I see.
Alas my penne is nothing ryfe,
For to Declare her vertuouse lyfe,

Wherefore twere vaine to pen her praise,
Sith it abroad in world is knowne.
Alas, that death did end her dayes,
And hath her life so ouerthrowne.
Wherefore to mourne, it is in vaine,
Sence you no more her can attaine.

Given vnto Mistresse F. W. when shee
Went to waite.

To waite on Noble Dames,
much attendance it doth craue:
And searcheth out in each respect,
the seruice that you haue.
Attendance you must daunce,
in chamber all the day:
And not to walke abroad in fieldes,
if truth Reporte doth say.
Except my Lady go,
then you must waite on her:
Dels to keepe the chamber still,
and not abroad to stirre.
And when she playes at cardes,
downe kneele you must on knees:

And

An so to sit there all the Time,
 untill the winne or leese.
 Oh God this is no life,
 of Pleasure as I thinke:
 To waite in chamber all the day,
 till sleepe do make you winke.
 But Paraduventure you
 do thinke Preferment there:
 Will boyle you vp to be aloft,
 and set you voyde of care.
 I do not I, say nay,
 so; it is like to be:
 And I as glad as any one,
 that happie day to see.
 Thus gentle Distresse mine,
 The Gods keepe you in rest:
 And graunt such pleasures to abound,
 as sorrowes not molest.

Of one who had vitiously spent his
 Patrimonic.

I If thinking plaintes of bitter bress,
 may perce the losstis skye:
 O heaunie happes of Fortunes loze,
 that happen so a way:
 Then come dzawe ny, good minded willes,
 and marke this mournfull verse:
 Lend willing eares to heare short tale,
 the which I shall rehearse.
 It chaunced so by wanton will,
 a man that was in Prime:
 Whose witlesse race, did not regarde,
 so; substance of his time.
 But vainely he did spend his welth,
 in hugling pleasures sweete:

Pea

Pea not regarding honest loze,
ne sober life discrete.
He was worth thousandes by repoze,
this man in London soyle:
Who there doth spend, his dolefull dayes,
ashamed of his soyle.
His yonger Brother now is come,
by taking honest Paine:
For to dispend by land a yeaere,
an hundred pound certaine.
Oh Shamelesse Sauage elder thou,
what shame falles to thy share:
Sweete minching Dames haue pul'd thee so,
as clothes are skant to weare.

*Happie is he whom other mens harmes do make to be-
ware.*

The wounded wight thus complayneth.

Noioy I feele since care doth gripe my hearte,
No haplesse hap, could happen moze amisse:
Then so; to lue in place of feare and smart,
And spend my dayes where as no pleasure is.
Such is the happe I see for me assigned,
And so; such happe, I with my lyfe resigned.

I being well and boyde quyte of this snare,
Could not take heede, but headlong runne therein,
Must so; such hast, content my selfe with care,
And take my happe, sith I did it beginne.
For where I was, I liu'd and was well eas'd,
Yet not content, my minde was not so pleas'd,

If I were there, and absent from this place,
I do beleue, I would not fast returne:

With I doe feele my conning tooke disgrace
 Within my minde, and makes my heart to burne.
 As pleasant springes, which springe in others soile
 Spitt quench the heate, which in my best both boile.
 Into which springes, God graunt I may repayre
 To coole my heate, and set my hearte at rest:
 To ease this minde, now dying in Despaire,
 And helpe to ioy my heart which is opprest.
 I craue this summe, with wet and waterie eyes
 With soaking sighes, and sighing voyce to skies.

Tis wisdom some doe tell,
 To know when we are well;
 And so to rest Content,
 Least that we doe repent.

Not Beautie but Bountie,

The Prime of yeeres delightes in Beauties blaze,
 And much esteemes the seemely sheire thereof:
 The pleasant hue insozeeth many a gaze,
 To feede the eye on Dames, that loue to scoffe.
 But who can tell what gaine such Fancy breeds,
 Or what reward for due Deserte they get.
 With fruitfull graine, we see there comes by weedes,
 And gasing eyes are soonest ouer set.
 Yet trueth to tell, it is a bayte Perdie,
 Which doth intice the wisest wights of all:
 For well we see, experience doth not lie,
 They readie are to come when so they call.
 But I must say, though Beautie likes it least,
 Dame Bountie sure, in my conceipt is best.

Dame Bountie sure in my conceipt is best,
 And so of trueth I may vphold for true:
 For Beautie serues for to intice a ghest
 To spend his Coyne, as well some doe it bie w,

When Bountie bids Expencc to shutte his doze,
And opens hers for to prepare with speeDe,
With liberall hand to giue vnto the poore
And meanest soules, which stande in greater neede.
Doth Beautie so? no, no, I thinke not much,
For all is skant to pranke her by in pride:
Some vaine Desires we see are alwaies such,
To haue delight in bzauerie to abide.
To shine in shew like Pheebus beames so bright,
Which solace sendes to euery worldly wight.

Which solace sendes to euery worldly wight,
And yet perchance greate ruth thereby doth fall:
Some foolish fond will drinke their owne Despight,
That proues in taste as bitter as the gall.
But let such mates as meddle in that loze,
Abide the smart, and feele the wo:lt for me:
Yet some are greeu'd to see what grieve therfore,
Is got vnwares, a meane to misery.
For trust me true, who moze esteemes the hue
Of Beauties badge, then Bounties liberall hand:
Hath not the hap that Good lucke might renew,
For halfe the skil the case to vnderstand.
For yet doth see the charge, the coile and cost,
That Beautie bzinges, yet in the end is lost.

That Beautie bzinges, yet in the end is lost.
O Lorde why then doe worldlings so delight
In that which is aswell a Care as Lost,
The gaine they got, a simple C larche may wright.
Oh Bountie thou, that Bountifullly dost giue
Of cost full free, and neuer dost repine:
Poore Simple I, am thine while I doo liue,
Fall backe, fall edge till Fall my Fatall fine,
I will remaine thy seruant ready prest,
Pea readie sure at thy command to be;

Though

Though Beauty blaze, yet Bountie is the best,
 And liked of for liberallitie.
 Bountie doth giue when Beautie doth retaine,
 To Pranke her selfe with Pride, that is but vaine.

To Pranke her selfe with Pride, that is but vaine,
 For that is the way for to maintaine her gloſſe:
 What forſooth ſhe though others feele the paine,
 She ſure is, the taſteth of no loſſe.
 Doth Bountie binde her Bounteous liberall hand,
 Or doth ſhe force of coyne to keepe in ſtoze?
 No, no in deede, if truth be iuſtly ſkand,
 She rather lettes it ſlie at looſe the more.
 The Bounteous Dame eſteemeth not the ſhew
 Of Beauties blaze, that glistereth to the eye:
 Some ſay Deceit doth reſt therein they know,
 Experience telles, and triall doth it trie.
 Wherefore to ſay now as my Theame doth incue,
 Not Beautie ſure, but Bountie I doe proue.

Not Beauty ſure, but Bounty I doe proue.
 In this reſpect perchaunce I ſhall offend
 The Beautifull Dame, to mallice I ſhall mount,
 Becauſe I ſeems her for to diſcommend,
 And doe preferre Dame Bountie in her place,
 But beare with me my Theame pertaines thereto,
 You gallant Dames whoſe hue Declares your grace,
 Conceane no ill for writing as I doe.
 For of my truth, if Theame had thus bene ſaide,
 Not Bounty Sir, but Beauty beares the bell:
 I muſt haue then her praiſe at full diſplayd,
 To write wherein Dame Beauty doth excell.
 I hope I haue no Courteous Dame offended,
 For God doth knowe I neuer ſo intended,

A presumption of the Courtesie
of Fortune.

Though Fortune frowne, & looke with lowring face
Upon my state to moue me to dispite;
Though she oft seeme to galle me with Disgrace,
And is the cause of dimming my delight:
Yet I presume, as she doth worke annoy,
In double wise she can aduance my ioy.

And though I am thus spent with pensue brest,
Constrain'd to lodge the looks of lowring hue
In fullen soile, although infor'd to rest,
And kept in place where sorrowe doth renewe :
Yet as the bird doth ioy at her release,
So will I ioy when cares begin to cease.

So wight I know but subiect is to Fate,
With Destiny from byrth ordaines it so :
What happy wight that neuer feeleth hate,
Do findes the place where Pleasure still doth flow.
Which place confused hath euer beene to me,
And still restrain'd that pleasant place to see.

Before my eyes I be'ue greate heapes of hap,
Which big doe seeme, and yet I take no hould :
I see how some are luf'd in Fortunes lap,
And wrapped warme for feare of catching cold.
But I at large vnbraced am, you see,
And open lie to take in Miseric.

Well, as I saide, I doe presume on this,
That Fortunes face at length will change her frowne :
And all such cares from me she may disuile,
Which heeretofore my pleasant state did browne
In wretched waues, which moued me to mourne,
And often say : fy of that life forlorne.

Of Hope.

To line in Hope is helpe,
But Hope which feedes too long:

And bynges no helpe vnall Distresse,
Is rooted in among.

When fy of lingering Hope,
That feedes our fancy so:

Pea fy of Hope againe I say,

When Hope bynges helpe to too.

I hope, I hope in deede,

I hope what may befall:

I hope perchaunce more then is cause,

It is that which marreth all.

But such are musing mindes,

To make of Hope a God:

Which say we Hope all shall be well,

And nothing shall be so.

But ah, that helpelesse Hope,

It is that which I do blame:

Which hateth helpe, and heapeth too,

Oh fy on that for shame.

But still to Hope some be,

In bondage and in thrall:

By whom they Hope for to haue helpe,

When so it doth befall.

Hope is helpe.

Of a happie exchange.

LCaue of to mule my friendes,
for to beholde my state:

I liued once in deepe Disdaine,

my hearte did burne in hate.

The Tedious toyling time,

of my toymoyling dayes:

A 3

Brought

Brought sorrow inwardly to fild,
Whiche fittes a thousand wayes,
Spelless to my minde,
boreanes to my rest :
As often times I did accounte,
my selfe to be vnablest.
And pondering with my selfe,
how vsuall constraint :
Inforced me to seeke some meane,
my graues for to depaint.
Then see how fortune sode,
for me did put in vye :
A saling out not by Desert,
for me she did procure.
Whereby I had iust cause,
each thing considered right,
To shake off belles whose sounde was greivous,
and prone another flight.
And see if that I could,
prouide so for my ill :
As that contempte of my conceipte,
did not offend me still.
Not like the mounting Dorre,
which buzzeth vp on hy :
And fallety Downe (an homely tale)
and all to be, doth lye.
For some do chaunge in hope,
of better happe and place:
Yet finde it workes such is ill lucke,
a lamentable case,
But I may vaunte and say,
more then I could befoze :
I haue my pleasure but too much,
and what doth youth wish more,
Some profit eke withall,
is matched for her mate :

The

The countenance of cheerefull bus,
 me thinkes doth blesse by state.
 The quyetnesse of minde,
 the fearefull feare excluded:
 The sond surmises of my heade,
 with obious ofthes deluded.
 So much doth me reioyce,
 that all thinges past and be come:
 As to my selfe oft times I say,
 me thinkes I heauen haue woane.
 For those which alwayes haue,
 bene pent in priuate paine:
 When as they haue release thereof,
 they double thinke their gaine.
 So thus I do conclude,
 in this my skilless stile:
 And thanke the Lord whose goodnesse greate,
 hath holpen in y erile.

Of the Mutabilitie of this world.

O Trauering world, vnconstant and vnkinde,
 Oh dudge to doyle and diuell to the minde.
 Oh teyle, oh paine, oh how by trauell tost:
 Oh waues of wo, that worke so for the most.
 Oh harde to please, and ready to offend,
 Oh quicke to sinne, and slowly to amend.
 Oh prompt to speake, our friend so to diseale,
 Oh slacke to helpe, but quickly to displease.
 Oh eares to heare each tatling tale vs brought,
 Oh tongue to taunt whereby is mischief wrought.
 Oh gruppilous mindes desirous to haue gaine,
 Oh hazardous hard, which harboys in the paine.
 Oh how we are by sickle Fancie led,
 Oh how we seeke to haue our humors fed.
 Oh how we harke and listen vnto tales,

Oh

Oh ignorance, how she brings vs into bales.
Oh how we sigh, when as we feele the smart,
Oh how before we thinke not of that part,
Oh how this world, by Mutabilitie,
Doth often chaunge and brings much miserie.

Many Worldlings be wifull.

It is a vaine thing to molest the minde with fortunes
Inconstancie.

Mile not a whit, though Fortune frowne,
And turne thy ioy into dispyght :
She letteth vp, she pulleth downe,
She moueth care, she brings delight.
Thus to and fro
this Dame doth tosse,
To ouerthrow
Our welth to losse

from welth to losse, is cause of greefe,
And cause of greefe procures paine :
And paine is that would haue reliefe,
And where reliefe, doth still retrain.
What thinke you the,
Some sigh and say :
Oh for two,
And wofull day.

And wofull day, that onely is,
The wretched winged of the witt :
The thing that lyfe would faine Dismiss,
If loue would so allow of it.
Where Reason failes,
And Will is Judge:
What then Preuailes,
But Wrath and Grudge,

But

But wrath and grudge: what life is that,
 Who would Desire there to bee?
 The silly Moule doth dread the Cat,
 Because she feares her Crueltie:

Even so annoyes
 Which daily grow:
 Whereaues the ioyes
 Of some I knowe.

Of some I know, that daily tast
 The solow sauce of sorowes still:
 And yet with griefe they take repast,
 And make a myyth of euery ill.

For thats the way,
 As wisdom shewes:
 For to alay
 Dame Fortunes blowes.

Dame Fortunes blowes which coupled are
 With ouerthwartes that glotte the munde:
 And in the stomake make such warre,
 As life doth with it were Resign'd.

Yet onely this
 Remembryng still:
 A time there is
 To end all ill.

He being very sicke, and finding greate courtesie at
 his betters handes, thereupon writeth,

Let truth Reporte, what Triall findes,
 Conceale no praise where it is due:
 Be bold to laude such courteous mindes,
 As that bidaine not for to view,
 As well the simple as the best,
 With sicknesse when they be opprest.

Not like the Proude Ambitious wights
Which scorne the simple for their race :
Where wisdom guides, there are no sights,
For modestie supplies the place,
And pittie prickes their ruthfull eyes,
To pittie him in cares that lyes.

And Doubtles sure for their reward,
High Ioue some heauenly hap will send :
Besides, their Fame, which is Preferd
Throughout the soyle where life doth lend,
And for my parte while life doth well,
I will not let the same to tell.

*As knoweth God
Which sits on hye :
Who euery secret thoughte
Doth spye.
If I dissemble
Or do faine,
God graunt good hap
I neere attaine.*

A Question vnto true Mea-
ning.

Where hast thou beene so long,
True meaning to me tell ?
Abroad in world to seeke and search
where Faithfulnesse doth dwell.
What hast thou found him out,
and where he keepes his hold ?
I, He keepes a marrish place,
that is both moiste and colde.
Who bringeth him his foode ?
firme friendes which neuer sayle :

And

And what is that they bring to him ?
 Plaine prooffe, which shall preuaile.
 Why doth he keepe away ?
 because men should him craue :
 He saith that fewe now Desire
 his companie to haue.
 Who is the cause thereof ?
 Dissembling deepe delight :
 Who doth allure the mindes of men
 to swerue from faithfull right.
 And doth Dissembling drive
 Firme faithfulnessse away ?
 I. I. Truemeaning markes it well,
 he seeth it euery day.
 Let Flearing flatterie faune,
 Truemeaning is but plaine :
 Yet Truemeaning and faithfulnessse
 were neuer found to faine.
 Truemeaning cannot glose,
 ne Faithfulnessse deceaue :
 Wherefore Truemeaning and Faithfulnessse
 of Dissembling take their leaue.

Written vnto Master
 S. H.

I f wealth agre'd vnto my willing minde,
 To gratify you as I doe Desire :
 Then trust me true some present you shoulde finde
 for recompence, but this I you require,
 for to accept these verses heere in place,
 Which simple be, and woorthles in their grace.

I cannot chuse exaction mouing me,
 But write I must, yet briefly I intend :
 I am Disposed (belike) that you should see

A fewer verses which I doe commend
To your constructiō, vprightly for to Deeme:
Then courteously see that you them esteeme.

It were a fault to flatter with a friend.
A faulte, nay sure a villany, thats more:
Where Trusty troth abids not to the end,
For promise kept, as it was made before.
If breach thereof be proued, then I say,
Such well deserue to be put from the way.

Where faithfull friendship walketh void of
And firmenes first, send flattery to reiect: (guile
And Deepe dissembling, with her glosing stile
Is put apart, where Trust doth whole protect.
Which Trust God grāt vntill our daies do end,
Trusty to be, vnto a faithfull friend.

No foe to a flatterer.

A fancy vpon fortune

Sith Fortune doth assigne,
My ioyes they shall vntwine,
And cares they shall combine,
I must contented stand:
With that she is my foe,
Good lucke to overthrowe,
And haplesse hap to shee,
I take it at her hand.

I take it at her hand,
Perforce then I must stand,
For to abide her band,

Untill she me release,
Her subiect and her thrallie,
Her vassaille at her call,
Her innocent and all,
So must I bould my peace.

Though

Though wrong I do sustaine,
 Alas it is in vaine
 For me so to complaine,
 When Fortune-knittes her face:
 But beare it well in hearte,
 Although it be a smart,
 In faith without Desarte,
 Noe greuouse is my case.

But God that sittes on hy,
 And guydes the cloudy skye,
 And doth each secrete spy,
 Respect this ruthfull tale.
 Remember those in care,
 Whose backe is faine to bare,
 Untill their eyes do stare,
 And yet they not abaile.

How long will Fortune frette,
 How long shall I thus sette,
 How long shall sorowes gette,
 For to bereaue my ioy?
 How long shall pleasure stay,
 How long shall mirth delay,
 How long shall I thus sway,
 In depth of myne annoy?

Will Fortune neuer smile,
 Will Fortune wrong compile,
 Will Fortune still exile?
 O now I hope and trust,
 That fortune will me pleasure,
 Though not with wit or treasure,
 But quyet life and leasure,
 So thus I hope and must.

A Vow

A vowe prefixt.

A Tracte of Time, doth try each trade:
And Triall doth disclose the truth,
And truth is seene where ppoofe is made,
And ppoofe explaineth ioy or ruth:
So modest mande is bent to beare,
The mirth, the mone, the wo and care,

The mirth we easily can vphold,
The more indifferently to talke:
The wo is neyther hote nor colde,
The cares be as the cause is plac'd.
To one my friend, and three my foes,
By penitence pen doth new disclose.

To take each chaunce and act vpright,
To heare eache speache that shall be tolde:
To laugh when cause is of delight,
To smile when Fancie things behold.
Thus to behaue and frame thy minde,
Shall make thee see when some are blinde.

The sillie soule that droyles in durt,
And drinks the dregges of deepe Disdaine:
Whose simple minde doth thinke no hurt,
By Patience doth experience gaine:
And closely doth conuey a smile,
To cheere his minde, betwene each while.

Thus neyther for to feare the hunte,
Nor yet to care for too much toyle:
But patiently to take thy wunt,
Till Tracte of Time do giue the soyle.
And like as trees their Blossomes shed,
So cares be past when man is deade.

Patience is profitable.

A quyet

A quyet life is sure a world of wealth,
A meane to mirth, a preparatiue for health.

*What's that hath chaung'd thy state, my friend to me declare,
What's that hath eas'd thy feare and toyles of former trade,
What's that which makes thee now at libertie from care?
Doth pleasure now possesse the place, which griefe did once maade?
No, tis a quyet life, which is the worlde of wealth,
A meane to moue vs vnto mirth, a preparatiue to health:*

*For where Discention digges, there Sorrow sowes her seedes,
Where fearefullnesse is founde, there pleasantnesse is voyde:
Whers soaking sighes be sonke: What passions then it breeds,
I me report to those, which be with those extreemes annoy'd.
For sure a quyet life is euen the World of Wealth,
A meane to moue vs vnto mirth, a preparatiue to health.*

*The hearte which haunted is, with dayly dreadfull doubtles,
Is in a prison pent in paine, procuring still vnrest:
And when their happens ioy, tis deem'd for Fortunes floutes,
As oft it is her propertie slyly to smile and iest.
But sure a quyet life is euen a World of Wealth,
A meane to moue vs vnto mirth, a preparatiue to health.*

*The shephearde poore and base, amidst his flocke of sheepe,
Is ioyfull for to see, his nomber safe and well:
He eates with merry cheare, and ioyfully doth sleepe,
He thinks that trade of life, doth others farre excell.
For sure a quyet life, is euen the World of Wealth,
A meane to moue vs vnto mirth, a preparatiue to health.*

*What booteth Midas mucke, where Nero is at hand,
Whose pining trade doth reare but ruthfull rage,
Is there a quyet life, how might one vnderstande?
No, no, it is a hatefull happe vntill it doth aswage.
But sure a quyet life, I count the World of Wealth,
A meane to moue vs vnto mirth, a preparatiue to health.*

*To liue in quyet state, each Godly minde Desires,
To sue and serue the Lord his gistes of grace to gaine:
To aske his heavenly helpe, tis most that some requires,*

*To way the worldly woes, is but a meane to paine.
Then sure a quiet hyfe, I deeme the world of welth,
Am:ane to moue us vnto mirth, a preparatiue to health.*

His farewell to Feare.

Farewell Fond Feare which did my minde dismay,
Whose pecuniary pangues procur'd my private paine:

The soaking sighes thou did'st in stomacke lay,
Oft caus'd my minde to construe of disdain.

But since I see that thou did'st me deceaue,
Fond Feare farewell, of thee I take my leaue.

I feared thee Feare, and why? because I held
Thy fearefull fittes as Master of my minde:

I stood in awe to doe what so thou wilt,
And was content to stoupe vnto thy kinde.

But since I see that thou did'st me deceaue,
Fond Feare farewell, of thee I take my leaue.

Yet God forbid true feare I should exempt:
The feare of God before myne eyes to be.

If I neglect, I counte it but contempt,
A gracelesse gift, from sinne it were not free.

But when I saw Fond Feare did me deceaue,
Fond Feare farewell, of thee I take my leaue.

What lingring lyfe led I with doubtfull dayes,
What heauy happes by thee were brought to passe:

I feared thee Feare in hope to purchase prayse,
But when I saw thy truth like tickle glasse,

Then quoth I thus thou shalt not me deceaue,
Fond feare farewell, of thee I take my leaue.

God graunt to those, with whom Fond Feare will bee,
A patient minde to suffer all their Ills:

What Hope may helpe, and Comforte let them see:
And Time may turne the woyle vnto their willes,

But I say still, since Feare did me deceaue,
Fond Feare farewell, of thee I take my leaue.

I f Talles so often told,
 may moue vs to beleue,
 What trueth of force in them doth rest :
 then let it not me greeue,
 What I doe credite giue
 vnto the saying old :
 Which is, when as the eares doe burne,
 some thing on thee is told.
 When trust me now so true,
 in use it is approu'd :
 For why, my eares haue burnt so hot
 as I thereby am mou'd,
 To write as heare you see,
 so: to foretello my case :
 What vnto fables sond and vaine,
 our nature giueth place.
 For if the right eare burne,
 then thus the saying is :
 No good on thee that time they speake;
 but sure how true it is,
 I leaue it so: to iudge,
 to those that knowe the same :
 For if I intermeddle farre,
 I shall but purchase blame.
 Well, when the left eare burnes,
 then doe they speake thee good :
 But surely I counte them both
 a tale of Robin hood.
 Belieue them who that list :
 so: I will leaue the same,
 To him which is the righteous Iudge,
 and Prince of peereles Fame.

A sorrowfull Libell Exhibited to *hys*.

O my mightie Loue, whose powre is infinite,
Which can release each captiue bound in thralldom:
Thou hast said O God, to heare me, which lament,
And send redress to ease me of this galle.
Let me not thus in thralldome still be bound,
Since thou art he can ease me of my wounde:
But send me helpe from heauenly throne above,
Where thou hast store,
For griefe much more,
If that thou please from me it to remove.

I doe confesse O God withall my hearte,
I haue deseru'd this griefe, though it were more:
Yet I doe hope thou wilt release my smart,
And ease my thralldom which greeueth me so sore.
Haue mercy Lord, for all my sinfull doings.
The righteous man doth often times transgresse,
As still I doe (O Lord) I doe confesse:
Yet this I hope, thou wilt not haue respect
Vnto my finnes
Which neuer linnes,
For holy Lord thy vassall to reiect.

Send libertie O Lord, when thou shalt please
Vnto me now a wretch all wryapt in woe,
And graunt Good Lord vnto me now some ease,
Wh heare me Lord, for now my griefe is so,
As it is thou must make it from me goe,
Or els my life will soone be laide in grace,
Which Dollour (she) would gladly so it haue.
Yet Lord of helpe, let helpe extend apace,
And graunt reliefe
To ease my griefe,
For Lord I rest in lamentable case.

